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No. 7.

## GOOD-BYE.

I.  
Oh, why, my own, dear love, dear heart,  
Must thou go from me to the cruel sea,  
And leave my heart to yearn and break for thee  
When we are leagues of waves apart?  
How wild the sea sobe through the night!  
When thou art gone 'twill sob for thee,  
'Midling my soul with sudden sighs,  
That thou mayst ne'er come back to me.  
May love, oh stay!

II.  
Ah, no, ah, no, I must be strong.  
I'll still my weeping soul, so filled with fear,  
I will not hold thee so, nor urge thee dear,  
The hours, the days, will be so long.  
But I'll untie my clinging hand,  
'I'll lift my eyes to meet the day  
When thou must sail to that strange land  
So far, so far, so far away.  
Good-bye, good-bye!

KITTIE.

## RED KELLY;

OR,  
The Free Riders of the Plains.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES,

AUTHOR OF "WENTZEL, THE SCOUT," ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

WESTWARD TOWARD THE ROCKIES.

When Griff came to the end of the line of trees, favored by the darkness afforded by the cloudy sky, he wheeled suddenly, and dashed back on the other side of the belt.

He had not ridden fifty yards when his horse stumbled, and halting first upon his knees, he thence fell upon his nose, and finally hurled himself flat upon his side quite under the low trees.

What at first appeared to Griff as a direful misfortune, worked out a different end. The young man immediately placed himself astride the horse's neck—finding that there was no time to raise and mount the animal—giving him to understand that so long as he had chosen to assume this humble position, he must lie content.

Ten minutes after he had suddenly dropped out of the evening landscape, two mounted men dashed past, almost within touching distance of him.

Before they had ridden far they missed him from the scene, and with many oaths checked their speed. What if the prostrate animal should struggle to rise, or should utter the faintest neigh? Drops of sweat stood on Griff's face at the probability.

"He'll get a good start," uttered one, with a chilling oath, and, without waiting to see if the animal was dashed back the way they had come.

What was to be done? The young man's horse had been ridden far that day, and might travel quite well at a slow pace, but being of a decidedly athletical turn, he could do nothing on a sharp, persistent run—therefore Griff abandoned him, and taking to his feet, strode past the renegade camp, where, through the gaps of the brush, he could see the twinkling of the flat-topped fires. He soon had the happiness to strike the open plain unimpeded, where he applauded himself in a meagre way for the refreshing manner in which he had been.

He vowed to shoot, irrespective of age, sex or color, the first person who ventured within hearing or range, without allowing them the benefit of challenge or prayer.

Luckily for age, sex and color, nothing crossed the path of this exasperated fellow; but with the bear in his eye—figure—tall and St. Charles's Wain upon his shoulder, having somehow got the finger of his spiritual compass broken—he made such good pace that at daybreak he was two miles beyond De Lancy, and still merrily running the country with two feet to the yard.

However, a good fairy prompted him to question a squad of soldiers, whom he met, as to his locality—and finding, like many another person, that he had overdone the business, he gently turned about and retraced his steps.

A few hours of rest and reflection, and Griff began to realize what a wonderful escape he had had from an ignominious death, and to feel duly thankful for his temporal salvation.

One or two such adventures as this might have disquieted, disgusted and changed the purposes of another man than young Griff. Home, but no; the wild life began to have charms for him. Others lived and succeeded and built up a fortune and a home here—maybe, forgot the past; anyway, he had linked his fortunes with the West, and here he should stay.

Back again at Walnutville, and he found a letter awaiting him, from De Lancy.

"I have seen Colonel Dewey," he wrote, "and made arrangements; and my headquarters henceforth will be here in L—, where you can find me any time. Make haste to report yourself, Griff."

"D. De Lancy."

Griff, however, had not yet decided upon a future occupation, and with somewhat of Misawber's faith but none of his inactivity, he "waited for something to turn up."

If the reader will let me skip over a few months of time, I will express myself much obliged, as there is nothing of note to relate as connected with our acquaintance. Griff had employed some weeks in visiting the forts and outposts, not exactly looking



"DOWN THE NEAR BANK, UP THE FAR, SCRAMBLED 'CAT-LIKE AND PAVE THE INDIAN'S HOUSE; BUT AROUND IT, HIGH AND CLEAR, THUNDERED THE GRAY STALLION, STRIKING THE FAULTER BANK WITH SUFFICIENT FORCE TO SHORTEN CHAMP'S TEETH THE FRACTION OF AN INCH."

after a hat-band with tassels of yellow, but for full more of a vagrant purpose; being a corresponding editor and reporter for several Eastern papers; but about the time when we piece together the thread of our narrative again, an eastern periodical had acted as reporter to him, bringing an item under his eye, that stung like a wasp and made his nerves shrink and quiver like a sore one. Not to name my gentle auditors a sleepless moment I will explain.

A misunderstanding, followed by a downright quarrel with one Elsie Blair, had caused him to emigrate West, and now her marriage to a rich, old and successful rival, had gone like a hot wire through his heart, doing away forever in his mind with all hopes, plans and fancies connected with "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

He did not, like many another man in his place, fly to the Fool's Nephew—drink, to drown his disappointment; but he chose the discipline of the wild, daring, dangerous life of the frontiersman.

How little the world at large knew of the dead. How many lie buried without a head-stone. How many new sepulchres have urned the one where no other has yet lain, and rolled the stone of hard discipline every day life against the door. You know, and you, and you, dear reader, and we all have our "holy of holies" where we alone walk and wring our helpless hands and moan over what "might have been," but we will turn squarely away from these fancies, although the bonds that extend from you to me are felt and cannot be sundered.

What Griff's thoughts were we will not tell during that first night after he had learned that Elder Elphalest Street had made Joseph Underwood and Elsie Blair man and wife, without his being able to call out "I forbid the banns," but all the next day he clung to his brain-wood mortar with his jaw-teeth, and smoked as if on a wager with distant Venus, and answered what questions were put to him so wide of the mark, that a young officer of the barracks hurled at him pointedly:

"Oh, Felix, oh, Felix, be ye drunk?"

Or be ye mad?"

And you would not be surprised when I farther add that a day or two after, while he was down at Fort H—, meeting unexpectedly a person for whom he had conceived a lively interest, he should for the time agree to join the issue of fortune with him.

It happened in this wise. Sitting with some of the soldiers on a bench in the barracks, all wonderfully subdued by the light of the young moon, and listening dreamily to the occasional laughter of the fellows outside, while the stars sat sleepily on their throats, and Luna held her one rocker drowsily above the dark belt that bound the earth and sky together, as the eye fancies, there was a shadow thrown against the stockade—a sort of columnar shadow—tall, thin and tower-like moving in odd outline steadily forward; and after a time advanced straight toward the fort and the two or three musing preoccupied, perhaps homesick fellows upon the benches.

As the shadow was thrown along by Griff's feet, there seemed to issue from the top of the outline a short, flickering smoke.

The frequent challenges of the sentinels had accustomed the more fortunate sentinelled fellows to the sharp, brief questioning, therefore, by the merest accident, Griff's eye rested on the strange shape lying across the sward by his feet.

He glanced quickly up, leaped to his feet, and ejaculated in the heartiest tones, "Champ!"

"His veritable slim rovin' figger," returned the scout, warmly, shaking the extended hand.

"And I hope," continued Griff, "that I may wish you joy in the success of your undertaking."

Champ slowly and solemnly shook his head.

"In-equivalent defeat,"

"Did the rovin' slide you?"

"That trail cum to an untimely end. Arter waitin' a proper spell for Vitee I concluded he war not comin' up, an' pushed on alone. They had a smart woman with 'em, an' I tracked 'em by pieces of her dress which she tore off an' dropped in the night when her captors didn't see her. They took a west of south course till in the edge of New Mexico, where there seems to er bin suthin' gone agin that grain in the form of a war party or bruno. They had a game er duple-shuffle, and the crows made off with sum of the booty, and the game was over."

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roasting prodigal chunks of a buffalo slain a few hours previously.

A hilarious repast, and a huge apron of steak jauntily broiling upon two sticks, awaited Champ; and a companion slice was presented to the comrade wherewith to line his companion's stomach.

"Little men," observed Champ, patronizingly, addressing the company, "ain't yer camp meetin' a leetle noisy? The grass is thick an' tall, an' morgan's stultify feet-gear? Eh?"

"Our fellows have all come in from the four cardinal pints here, an' report a clear swath ev' grass 'tween here an' their bound ev' vision; an' air we reptiles that we should grind our faces without no jaw?"

Champ answered:

"Take keer, boys, Doly will bust; he can't stop to contain himself whole fur a great while."

This was the opening for furious discharges of genuine, unpolished humor, made the grimmest among them smile.

Griff found all his preconceived ideas of Vitee put to flight by actual contact with the famous border hero. He had unconsciously patterned the "Indian tamer" after Champ, Duffy or other rough frontiersmen. He found a man of medium height, fairly formed, with thick, close-cut black hair and mustache, and a soft, dark, melancholy eye, with clear-cut features that would show the slightest quiver of the muscles. A close inspection showed here and there a silver thread in his hair, and led one to believe him to be in the neighborhood of forty years of age. His speech was different from the shaggy fellows around him, although he in no wise held himself above them.

Pipes followed, as desert, after supper, and, ere long, posted scouts on all sides, the majority of the hunters looked their selves to sleep with as much careless ease as if within the most substantial fort.

With daylight all were astir, Champ and Vitee having started on ahead at earliest dawn, to acquaint themselves with the nature of the landscape ahead of them. They made what pace they pleased for the day entirely undisturbed, but at sundown discovered, with some anxiety, the thin spiral coil of smoke that proclaimed a camp-fire, but a comparatively short distance from them.

Champ, slinging his rifle over his shoulder, declared that he was "gwine ter see who was roasting venison that er blaze," and declining company, promised to return in a short time. His return, three hours later, with a company of five persons, for divers and sundry reasons, caused considerable commotion in the original camp. First Griff was surprised nearly out of his breath on beholding among the number, Dempster, the naturalist. Next, there was a wild and startled exclamation from some of the new comers, upon recognizing friend or foe in the motley groups of trappers and rangers making up the expedition.

"It's allus best ter be sociable when it's possible ter do so at advantage. Now, this comrad, 'noddin' about, hunting for caberlets—sez he seed a showy little party er reds heddin' directly for our cardinal pint, and what their reason is that they hain't stopped inter tea with us is one matter er wonderment; an' another is, whar on earth hev they had their bacon. I feel mostly ex if we might er be settin' on er pismire's nest. An' that er man," elevating his eyebrows toward Dempster, "hes no more natural fear o' them brutes, than a baby hev o' a rattlesnake. Near a ken and on; he was in er little

holler among their rocks, an' watched that

skavalkade of clove-blossoms go past him with the greatest unconcern."

A smile widened the mouth of his listeners, and the professor, who had flung himself down beside Griff, further explained:

"My original plan was to cross the Rocky Mountains into the metal territories farther south of this latitude, but the company with whom we intended to move were laggard, or had changed their plans, and so we started with Pierre Levis as guide, and thought it likely we might be about as safe as with a larger force."

Champ shook his head.

"It's a dangerous country round her, an' a little beyond simply an' infested with vermin, an' I motion that every man cultivate long ears."

"You have crossed this mountain-chain before?" questioned Dempster.

"Yes, sundry times; never twice in the same route, an' I don't know myself what we're a comin' onto. The reds herelont air a preditory an' covetous people, an' it ain't best ter mix up much with 'em."

"You do not imagine that they are acquainted with the whereabouts of your party?" Dempster addressed Champ.

"A fellow has no means of knowin' what's in an Injin's head aside from in sects. But what's that on their knoll yonder? He quiet, be quiet; it meanders like a grizzly—at er ventur, it's on all fours."

A hunter brought his rifle to bear upon the object so dimly defined against the sky.

"Don't yer, don't yer," remonstrated the scout, "that mayn't be a bar. I've seen other statists take that way ter rock-onter afore now; an' sometimes techn one hornit brings a hole nest full outer ye; an' yer ken hane. I don't advise yer drive yer musket at present. Ther coutry air a leetle beyond makes or devils er row in its ravines an' cliffs with any loose noise that starts up in their night. Say, leetle men, that er brewin hes an impudent way or surveyin' our arrangements, an' I reek my sugar loaf on er bet that I could git er quicker outender from any one on ye by singin' down yer back with er fork in each hand than that fellar could with his claws. At a ventur the skin's dry."

"Injin!"

"Yes, that he goes over the bulge with out er suspicion that he's been seed. Now then, that are a warnin' ter humblesh."

"Jes say, Champ; they'll either attack us, or attempt a stampede."

"Perswade them coals ter go out an' smut their noses, an' we'll stack arms, an' legs, too, in a persh to retain our bossness."

The camp was watchful all through the night, but no alarm was given. As Champ had said, there was no knowing what beside insects might be in an Indian's head. But the incident incited them all to be wary.

The next day they moved forward at a good pace, having little to trouble them aside from Dempster's propensity to straggles about in quest of specimens.

"And, good Lord," exclaimed Champ, "if we sit upon by ther free riders, what can we do with his back bent under that none er rocks."

"Critically, the professor's bumps that pertain to caution had not been well developed, else he was as absorbed in his favorite pursuit as not to heed the inward monitor."

They came into the close vicinity of the Black Mountains. Here a discussion concerning the best and safest routes ensued, which resulted in a dissolving of partnership, and quite a spitting up of the original party into two divisions. One swept to the west of north along the foothills, the other moved directly west toward the savage cliffs and delias of the mountains. They parted on amicable terms enough, appointing a place of probable meeting months ahead.

On this very day after the separating of the hunters, our party, as we call that to which Champ and Griff were attached, struck along an old trail, that led toward the wild ravines and chasms of the chain before them. The scouts could distinguish where a party of victorious warriors had gone by the erratic hoof-marks outside the beaten trail, as the free riders had inspired their steeds with their own festive spirits. Along the route were the ashes of frequent fires where the rapacious hordes had gorged themselves upon buffalo or elk, and while scrutinizing the remains of one of these feasts, where bones and dead coals and ashes were lying loosely together, Champ uttered so wild and unexpected a yell, that the vigilant fingers of the trappers involuntarily pressed the hammers of their rifles.

"What is it?" they questioned in a breath.

Only a scrap of cloth held between his thumb and finger—a gray, faded rag, not larger than a leaf, and kept in place by the corner of a stone.

Perhaps more than one spectator thought that the scout had taken leave of his senses. Griff and Vitee, however, divined the secret even before he had drawn from the leathern pouch at his waist one or two other scraps of cloth and spread them side by side upon his palm.

"This has been storned on menny times an' is bleached; but tell me, boys, of ther figger ain't ther same—er? I know it. I told yer that they'd tek her off towards these cursed sallery holes of the Rockies. This is a bit of Ben's girl's gown—poor thing! But how long has it bin here is the question."

"There is no means of knowing what tribe has her?"

"Oh, they fight an' steal so—besides, the caverns herelont are burrows for the outlaws or civilization, an' she may hev been with Ben in Heaving fur months; but as that's no way or knowin' so, I shall—in that case—hunt fur her grave an' fur the chap as tuk her measure on ther soil, an' then we'll wish hed bin dead afore he was borned."

After an hour's further march, they noticed a high, conical hill some distance in advance, and Champ says:

"Vitee, I'm gwine a leetle in advance. You keep ther fellows clus, fur if I'm not in my rockin' ther'll be som'at visibler from that bulge, an' we ken shape our course afterwards by what diskiveries we make."

The party left grouped around in a ravine to await the scout's return. While thus employed, we will take a glimpse at one or two interesting characters in the group. Of the party with Dempster, whom Champ had brought in, two were types of the ordinary ranger, and one was a boy of perhaps fourteen years, and his elder brother. It was the latter who had uttered the wild ejaculation of surprise or error when brought by the scout among the scenes of motley men composing the original company. He seemed not more than nineteen years of age, with close-cropped curling brown hair, and wearing a slouch hat that shaded and protected a fair, broad forehead, and in a measure concealed the expression of the upper part of his features. His face was very dark for the color of his hair, and his wide, handsome eyes were as soft as velvet in general expression.

His invariably even temper and obliging disposition made him a universal favorite, and the idol of his young brother. His hairlines as cook and his deepness in repairing rents in the accoutrements rendered him an indispensable adjunct to the expedition. It was explained that the two boys had no near relatives, unless they found an uncle, whom it was supposed was mining in Arizona, and thither they came to see him, and to drift.

They, with Prof. Dempster, had supposed themselves engaged to go in company with several scouts and trappers who were going to cross to that locality; but the party failing to appear, as agreed upon, they had started with smaller escort, and finally drifted up toward the northwest, rather content, it seemed, than otherwise, to do so.

Vitee's cold, unobtrusive nature seemed to thaw out wonderfully toward Ben Felix and his boy brother. They sat much apart from the others, conversing in low, grave tones upon subjects widely removed from the general conversation around them.

They were thus withdrawn, Vitee dreamily smoking his pipe, the other lying gracefully back, with his arms folded under his head, when Champ returned from his survey of the country.

"That's a village of Kiaws," (Cheyennes) explained the scout, "in a green valley ther west of us, an' I should suppose a tribe, but the braves are all on the war-path, an' nothin' but squaws an' about the lodges."

"Have you any idea that the girl may be among these savages?"

Champ shook his head.

"No, Vitee, I'm afraid we're not agwine ter be so lucky as to find the gal in such good hands. The Kiaws air Injins, an' necessarily cussed enough, but the Sioux, the Blackfeet and Komanches air a stretch ended in devilness."

They were surprised in the midst of







that Walter Arundell is a gentleman, and a man of honor, one whom I esteem highly; and that between you and him there can be nothing save honorable rivalry. If he loves the same woman as yourself, swear to me that you will act openly and aboveboard, or I will withdraw my consent to your suit."

"I give you my solemn promise, Captain Arundell is, however, well aware of my affection for Miss Mordant, and I did she to after all—and having discovered her retreat—"

"A letter for Mr. Cecil," said a domestic, entering.

"From the captain," cried the young man, flushing red, and then turning deadly pale.

He opened it eagerly, cast his eyes over it, and read aloud:

"Mr. Dean Cecil—I have discovered the secret hiding-place of the incomparable jewel discovered by you at Teddington. Nothing but a sense of the sacredness of my word would cause me to divulge it, as in the order of the chase I have forgotten you, and am now the humble adherent of Miss Lucy Mordant, known to you as the Signorina della Rocca, and Maud Marion."

On my word as a gentleman—not having taken any very great notice of your Diana of Teddington—my heart was chiefly lost before I knew their identity. You now know as much as I do. Know, also, that I am a rival, but amiable and honorable rival, to the man whom the lady shall decide. I have gained both father and mother, and hope that my manly whippers may outweigh your handsome face and ingenious smile. Come, and let us meet friends, if we part enemies. Your brother in arms,

"WALTER ARUNDELL."

"A very jesuitical document," observed Lady Blanche, who was very indignant at the rivalry of this man—who she looked upon her son as unequalled in everything.

"A very frank and noble document," put in the baronet. "I know the man better than you do, Lady Blanche; but we must lose no time."

And he left the room.

"My father is right," said Cecil, gravely. "Walter Arundell may be my rival, never my enemy. But come, mother, we have no time to lose. I have no fear of the result, for I have not Maud's solemn promise!"

"I will give my orders," she replied, "and then while we have luncheon, you shall tell me the tangled story of your loves."

Cecil laughed, and a very few minutes later was relating the story of the meeting with Maud, and her many adventures, on all the order of a youthful lover. The mother listened with a bright smile, for in the happiness of others—our children—we live again. She had long since sunk all memory of any other affection than that she felt for her husband and son. She was a wife and mother, and wished to be thought nothing else.

"You love her very much," she said, when the young man had finished.

"As my life! Not to win her would kill me. I have set my whole soul upon the thought of winning her."

"I suppose it is the way of the world," said Lady Blanche, "we bring up our sons tenderly and gently that they may love others, and forget us."

"Never shall I forget you, mother—never! But this is quite another love."

"I know it, my dear. It is the master passion of existence, before which everything falls and fades. While it lasts, fear not, my boy; nothing will give me greater pleasure than to welcome a daughter-in-law—the pet and darling of my only son. So now, my boy, leave me, make your adieu, and be home to an early dinner. The express train leaves at eight. Do not forget to do so."

"I will not," said Cecil, with a gay smile, as he went out, and, to pass the time, which hung heavy on his hands, went to a billiard-room, which he left five pounds the poorer in pocket.

"I might have been the three, with their luggage and trunks, were on the road, and at midnight reached the half-way house at 11—where, thanks to the provision of the baronet, a first-rate supper was provided, after which the mother retired to rest, leaving the father and son to a long and anxious wait."

Never, perhaps, had the parent and child been so thoroughly confidential as upon this occasion, and, perhaps, never had Cecil been more thoroughly imbued with respect and affection for his father.

"My boy, when I thought that you had fled, I was affected by the thought of a mere stranger—the child of a strange, mysterious man—my sole objection to your union with her was a good one. We have seldom made a mistake. These marriages above or beneath us never lead to any good. Therefore I acted for your good and happiness."

"I know that, my father; but the views of the young and their elders seldom agree."

"Beldom; but we learn wisdom with age. At all events, we are now agreed, and no wish can be nearer my heart than to see you the husband of Lucy, heiress of Trencler Manor."

"Did you know her mother?"

"I did, and we were not the best of friends. She was a very clever woman—a splendid singer, but a very haughty personage. Besides, she deprived me of a magnificent inheritance—that which now I believe will be yours."

"Strange how things come about," mused Cecil. "Who would have thought that I should have met, under such strange circumstances, with one who is so strangely allied to me?"

"Very strange. How do you like Captain Arundell?"

"As an elder brother. I only regret that we are in antagonism," said Cecil, in a tone.

"Treat him as an elder brother, and he will treat you as a younger. He is, I am persuaded, a noble fellow; you have nothing to fear, if Lucy really loves you."

"He is so handsome."

"You do not expect a father to flatter a great fellow like you?" laughed the baronet, rising. "And now to bed, for we must be up early."

And they retired, started by the train the next day, and reached Trencler Manor at midday, to the great delight of the tenants and servants.

Several of their town domestics had preceded them by a train that went right through, so that they found everything prepared for them.

The next day, that day, spending it in repose and in seeing to the different matters required to make the house comfortable.

Near morning they went over to Trencler Manor in the carriage. Cecil rode on horseback. Their arrival rather astonished Mr. Herbert Trencler Mordant, but, as he and Lucy had been brought in the very ungracious act of looking out of the large bay-window, he could not deny himself.

Thus it was that Captain Walter Arundell found his rival, and, unknown to him—

self, his father, in company with Lucy and Herbert Trencler Mordant.

"We must now return to John Haldane, whose plans were almost utterly confounded by a letter which he received the very morning after the departure of Sir Vincent Mordant. It was from Captain Walter Arundell."

"My dear friend and benefactor—I have not time to enter into very lengthy details as to my present plans and prospects. I have already informed you of my whereabouts. I have now a very serious duty to perform. I have chosen a partner for life—one whom I not only love with all the ardor of the passionate soul which you know is mine, but whom I respect and esteem with all my heart. Her name is Lucy Maud Mordant. I have been accepted by her mother without any conditions, by her father on consideration of my raising the veil of mystery which envelops my birth. You alone can do this, and I call upon you, as a man of honor and a gentleman, no longer to keep me in the dark, but to enable me to proceed with my plans. I refuse to have any understanding communication with Newcome Twist I refer boldly to you. Answer me by return of post, and let me know the best and the worst—yours faithfully,

"WALTER ARUNDELL."

"Not one word for her—not a thought—not a remembrance!" sighed the heart-stricken father.

He sat down and wrote, with a sad, weary look, this brief answer—

"Private and confidential."

"My dear Arundell—You are resolved to break my heart. I solemnly implore you to make no use of the information I am about to give you until you see me—I will come down. You are the eldest son and heir of Sir Vincent Mordant, and your name is Herbert Vincent Mordant. Reflect a day or two. If you are to rob your brother of his birthright, of his name and property, leave him, at least, the woman that he loves. I trust to you as a man of honor and a gentleman—yours faithfully,

JOHN HALDANE."

"P. S. I have no pretence to influence your conduct, but I do beg that you will make no use of the information I have given you until I place in your hands the papers and documents which will prove the truth of my assertion. As I live by bread, the slightest indiscretion will cause me to refuse all further information, and to destroy every clue, however faint."

"J. H."

The effects of this communication will presently be seen.

(To be continued in our next. Continued to No. 4.)

#### SUMMER TIME.

The red black set upon the rose;  
The black set upon the rose;  
The green set upon the rose;  
The green set upon the rose;

Rabbled the brooklet through the reeds;  
The lily-cups gleamed white;  
The young leaves of the poplar trees  
Were flushed with golden light.

The rifts of war were on the meads;  
The perfume of the air;  
Far off was Winter with his gloom,  
For young was yet the year.

The popples flaunted in the wheat  
Their ruby-tinted flowers;  
The lily convolvulus adorned  
The hedge with hanging bowers.

The brown bee o'er the clover hummed;  
And the white butterfly  
Reeled upon the cabbage-rose,  
Nor feared a clouded sky.

O Summer fair! O Summer sweet!  
O Summer of the heart!  
Like every other earthly joy,  
Your glories must depart.

And sunset Autumn follow swift  
With Water in the stream;  
And sunset Autumn follow swift  
With Water in the stream.

Well, he is not, we know,  
Have pleasures of their own;  
The lark he sings to the flowers,  
And let the thorn be alone.

ARTLEY H. BALDWIN.

### THE NEW ARIADNE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Miss Arcthesia Lane's room was bright enough already with its hanging-baskets, golden canaries, and the sun shining through its rose-colored curtains; but as Mabel Lane made a sudden entrance, promising as she came amid a flutter of ruffles and ribbons, everything in the room seemed to increase in light and color.

Mabel was a petite, graceful little person, with a quantity of glossy golden hair, saucy blue eyes, a pink and white complexion, and a nose unmistakably retroussée.

"Remember my nerves, if you please," said Miss Arcthesia, jolly, drawing her eyes from between the lashes of a novel she was holding close to her eyes.

By way of answering, Mabel performed another pass, and then dropped into the nearest chair.

"Oh, Aunt Arcthesia!" she began.

"How many times have I implored you not to call me Aunt Arcthesia! It is an old name, and I always feel obliged to explain that I was born long after your father was married."

"Which accounts for your being older than papa, by three years," observed Mabel, sweetly.

"Miss Lane's nerves" less refined people might have said teaper, impelled her to stamp on the floor.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded the offender, with an air of the most engaging innocence. "But I've such news! He has come. I saw his name on the list of arrivals."

"Do speak intelligibly, my dear," said Miss Lane, faintly interested. "Who is he?"

"Carl Raymond, of course. Do you imagine that I could be interested in the coming of any other?" asked Mabel, disdainfully.

Miss Lane's face became a picture of displeased surprise, for the one person whom she ardently wished to avoid meeting was Carl Raymond. In fact, his presence in the city had induced her to leave it for quiet, isolated Newbury. She justly suspected that he was in love with her niece, and here he was arriving at the same hotel in which she had just comfortably established herself for the season. It was too bad! Her nerves were terribly shocked.

"I know he would come," continued Mabel. "I have a secret to tell you, Aunt Arcthesia. Carl and I are almost engaged."

Miss Lane stretched herself out in preparation for hysterics.

"Don't faint, aunt—don't faint!" cried Mabel. "You have your blue silk on, and if I pour water on that, it's spoiled forever!"

"Cruel—cruel!" murmured Miss Lane, straightening herself up again.

"Well, you remember that last picnic at Wellwood? When Carl and I were lost, you know, and you were so angry?"

"I am never angry," said Miss Lane, clenching her fist. "My nerves were disturbed, I admit, but go on."

"Carl asked me to be his wife, and I said I wasn't certain whether I liked him well enough, but that if he'd come to Newbury, I'd give him my answer—and I'll certainly say yes, if he asks me again."

This was very candid, and also very provoking.

"Perhaps he may not ask you, my dear. You had better not give your consent prematurely."

Mabel was utterly oblivious of this hit, her attention being fixed on some object seen through the window.

"There he is, standing on the plank-walk, and looking toward the sea!" exclaimed Mabel. "I must go and dress. And she left the room, humming, 'Robert, o to the adieu, and thinking that Carl was a much more appropriate name than Robert."

Left alone, Miss Arcthesia Lane went to the window to satisfy herself that the man was really Carl Raymond. Yes, it was he. There was no mistake. A tall, lithe, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a bronzed face, honest hazel eyes, and a well-shaped head, covered with closely cropped hair, stood on the walk with his profile turned toward Miss Lane.

While she contemplated him and he contemplated the sea, Miss Lane reflected. Two years ago Mabel's father had died, leaving her, his only child, a large fortune. To his sister Arcthesia, he left a legacy and the greatest thing of his daughter. Since that time Miss Lane had been constantly on the watch to prevent Mabel from marrying. She enjoyed her present luxurious style of living at her niece's expense, and she was determined to enjoy it as long as possible. Should Mabel marry, her occupation would be gone. She would be obliged to retire to some cheap town, and submit in genteel poverty on her brother's small legacy. Carl Raymond would probably call in a short time, and if he met her niece, she knew that a blow could be dealt at her future prospects. She resolved to prevent this by a stratagem worthy of her narrow and selfish mind. Throwing a lace shawl over her head and shoulders, and shielding her face from the sun with her large fan—she affected the Spanish style, by the way—she descended to the walk.

"Mr. Raymond! Why, this is really unexpected! How glad I am to see you!"

Carl turned, and took the extended hand, but his smile faded into a look of disappointment as he noticed that Miss Lane was alone. The latter always assumed great girlishness of manner when any gentleman was near, and she accordingly "gushed" with juvenile sprightliness about the state of the weather, the quietness of Newbury, and mutual acquaintances, while she knew that Carl was burning with eagerness to hear of Mabel Lane. But Miss Lane was too astute to approach the subject of resistance in a hasty, unskilful manner.

"And Miss Mabel is well?" he at last said, desperately, while Miss Lane passed to take breath.

"In excellent health. She enjoys everything so intensely. She is quite a belle. Half the men in the place have been smitten by her charms. I assure you."

The sprightly creature giggled, and tapped his shoulder with her fan.

He looked annoyed, but endeavored to conceal it. "And the rest have fallen at your feet, I presume."

"The complaint does not soften her, although she laments her place of seclusion in acknowledgment of the soft impeachment."

"But I have something really new to tell you. Of course, you haven't heard that Mabel is to be married very soon?"

"No!" he faced her in startled surprise. "Has she been married?"

"Oh, yes. It is not generally known, I being their only confidant, and I hope you won't speak of it. He is a Mr. Van Dyke, a wealthy New York banker. It is all very sudden. He fell in love with her at first sight, and proposed, and she accepted him. A delightful person he is—in New York at least."

There had been a Mr. Van Dyke at the hotel—a very odd invalid; he had been gone several weeks. Miss Lane had seized on his name, because Carl would find it on the hotel book, if he felt inclined to look.

Carl turned his face toward the sea; but Miss Lane noticed that the hand which held his cane trembled slightly.

"Dear me! It's getting late. I must go. Of course, you'll call and congratulate my niece."

"She knew what his answer would be. "Thank you. Tell her she has my best wishes."

"Very well—an revoir. And the artless maiden tripped up to the hotel. She was playing a dangerous game, and she knew it. She must see her niece immediately, or failure was almost certain.

"So much for woman's tact," muttered Carl. "I could have sworn that Mabel Lane was as true and pure as an angel. I thought she loved me—she almost said so—as I loved her, but now—"

The bright, frank expression of his face had turned to one of bitter grief. The frail walking-stick broke in his tight clasp, and he threw it far into the sea. "I wish I could as easily cast from me all thought of her!" was his aspiration; but that was harder than even he imagined.

Miss Lane found her niece dressed for dinner—a pretty picture of girlish beauty and animation.

"I saw you talking to Carl," she said. "I intended to run down and join you in a minute. Why didn't you wait?"

Miss Lane shuddered at the idea.

"Mabel," she said, "men are deceitful. Alas, my dear, I fear that you have been deceived by that man. He has merely amused himself by flirting with you."

"What do you mean, aunt? To whom do you allude?" Mabel turned, in the act of arranging a refractory curl, her color beginning to vary.

"To Carl Raymond," pursued Miss Lane, in a tone that expressed sorrow rather than anger—sorrow of the saddest kind. "I allude to Carl Raymond. He has trifled with you. A few moments ago he had the shameless effrontery to inform me that he is engaged to another."

"You misunderstood him, aunt. There is some mistake. We will go to him, and hear the explanation from his own lips."

"Mabel! you shall not!" cried Miss Lane, in alarm, as her niece moved toward the door. "You must not compromise your dignity by any such course. Bear it bravely, as a woman should. Show him by your calm silence that you despise him, and by your proud indifference that he is nothing to you."

"I will!" said Mabel, retreating her steps. "But no! I cannot—I will not believe this! Why should he come here to let me know it? There must be some mistake."

"Unfortunately there is not. He mentioned the lady's name—Mrs. Vernon, a beautiful, young widow. They are to be married soon."

"Mrs. Vernon—I have heard of her!" So bad Miss Lane, but not from Carl Raymond.

"I cannot understand it," moaned Mabel, pacing up and down the room. "I loved him so nobly and generously. He cannot be so false."

"Watch his conduct, and draw your own conclusions. I will say no more. Only Mabel, remember your dignity as a woman."

If Miss Lane's heart had not been wholly hardened by selfishness, it might have been touched by the agony on her niece's face. The laughing, careless girl was gone; there remained only the pale, sad woman. The heavy folds of the azure dress—she had worn the color because he liked it with its load of rich lace swept around her, and seemed by way of contrast to enhance her wretchedness.

"Give me your arm, aunt. I will go down to dinner, and face him."

"That's right," said the aunt, disguising her triumph. "You have the true Lane pride."

Carl Raymond was there at dinner. He bowed coldly, and Mabel made as cold an acknowledgment. There was a faint hope in both their hearts that something impossible might occur to break down the terrible barrier that had suddenly arisen between them; but this hope soon faded. After dinner Mabel and her aunt went upon the piazza to see the sun into the ocean, and they were soon joined by several of Mabel's admirers. Carl stood on a pillar at the end of the long piazza, watching the group with bitter feelings struggling in his heart.

Likewise that he was watching her. He laughed and chatted with the men who surrounded her. At last, these went their separate ways, leaving the field clear for Mr. Algernon Spooner. This was a fashionable, but rather melancholy, young gentleman, who had been driven to youth by the loss of his father, and who, by Mabel's coldness, had been driven to youth by Mabel's coldness. But this evening he took courage. Mabel smiled at him. This sudden change made him deliciously joyful. When he could find no excuse for remaining near her longer, he whispered with a side glance at her aunt.

"In the West Parlor about twilight to-morrow. Do not disappoint me. I have something to say, meant only for your ears."

Mabel bowed assentingly. She had not understood the words; she was thinking of the man at the end of the piazza, but she had heard the words, and accepted mechanically. But Miss Lane had heard the words, and understood them, too.

"Umph!" she thought. "Here's another case on my hands. The West Parlor—I'll be there. The girl must be getting desperate, if she consents to marry that fellow. I did not foresee this."

No sooner had Spooner vanished than a gentleman who had been impatiently waiting for his exit, took the vacant chair. He was a low-speaking, rather pompous colonel of U. S. A.—on leave of absence. He had admitted Mabel at a distance ever since she had arrived. Her unusual manners and brilliant wit had given him hope. After a short conversation in which Mabel sustained the principal part, he said:

"My leave of absence expires in two days. I will be obliged to leave Newbury to-morrow night."

"Mabel tried to appear interested."

"May I hope," he asked, "to have a few words of private conversation with you in the East Parlor about dusk to-morrow?"

Meet in the East Parlor? Oh, certainly, my dear colonel. There's a hop there in the evening. We are going."

The colonel bowed, somewhat disconcerted. "He intends to propose," thought Mabel. "Well, I like him, and I am tired of living with my aunt. I'll marry him. We don't matter now for the East Parlor, for I couldn't be in two places at once."

"Grant me an interview in the West Parlor about eight to-morrow evening," he said, in a lower tone. "The train starts at 8.45. That is a guarantee that I will not detain you long."

Mabel answered.

"The girl's crazy," muttered Miss Lane. "Two appointments at the same time and place with two different men. Is she going to turn Mormon?"

Miss Lane was perplexed. "Well, it's lucky one engagement wasn't made for the East Parlor, for I couldn't be in two places at once."

"And now, aunt," said Mabel, wearily, "I am going to bed. Don't talk to me. I'm tired."

The following evening came. Miss Lane descended from her room attired with fearful and dignified air. There was to be a hop that night, and in quiet Newbury a hop was an event sufficient in itself to furnish the adjournment with conversation for the next two weeks. Miss Lane was always radiant at the hops. Her elaborate youthfulness and innocent simplicity on these occasions were almost as fearful and wonderful as her toilette.

Determined to foil the two pretenders to her niece's hand, whose whispers she had heard on the preceding evening, Miss Lane took up her position in an easy chair in the West Parlor shortly before dusk.

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"I am going to bed. Don't talk to me. I'm tired."

"Call me what you please, and let it be soon. I am yours."

Mabel clasped him violently around the neck, and, overcome by her emotions, left the room. Mr. Spooner was wild with joy. He could scarcely believe that the order had passed so happily. In going out he ran against Colonel Thornton, who was entering.

"Congratulations, old boy!" he cried. "I've done it—Miss Lane—she's promised to be mine. You're in for a groomsmen, of course."

"Do you mean to say that Miss Mabel Lane has consented to marry you?" asked the colonel, in a suppressed tone.

"Yes—why not?"

"You repeat the assertion?"

"Why not? I say, old boy—"

"You're an infamous liar, sir!" the colonel cried, angrily. "That young lady promised to meet me in this very room, and she was certainly aware that I intended to propose."

"Good gracious! I but we will meet again, colonel, when you are cooler."

"Meet again?" repeated the fiery soldier. "



# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1913.

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Now, prettiness need not depend upon beautiful hair, eyes, mouth, complexion, hands, feet, or a graceful figure, although these attributes add greatly to the personal appearance; but a kind, loving, thoughtful, considerate heart will surely give a lovely expression, all its own, to every face.

We know many women who possess few personal charms, yet their faces are always attractive, and children delight in them—love them.

For meretricious charms have little power over the childish mind; and no matter how bright the eyes or handsome the face, if a kindly soul is not cherished within the fair temple of the face, after the first acquaintance, they recognize no prettiness therein.

Young girls always desire—yes, crave—beauty; and it is within their possession if they will only cultivate it—will only give ear to the wisdom which bids them control their temper, restrain their malice, and cherish good will and kindness of thought toward everybody, and thus beautify themselves.

A leading writer of the day declares that, "Life becomes more harmonious—it deals with a keener pulse of enjoyment in the possession of a pretty woman. After all, the face, the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worries, its variations, its dullness, and its disappointments." But with these charms could be added a soul, not at variance with itself or mankind, and they could never prove a panacea for the woes of life.

Kushkin, one of the most famous of English authors, says that it is every woman's duty to make herself handsome, and that she can do it in a great degree, and that it should be a part of her religion. For she owes it to her God to make the most of the material He has given her.

Of course he does not intend that a woman should permit her mind to run upon her personal appearance to its distraction from things of more importance; but that she should keep her person neat and attractive, and cultivate a spirit of kindness, avoiding all uncharitableness, envy, jealousy, and the mean and despicable thoughts which engender evil passions, and thus imprint upon her face the bloom of youthful beauty.

And as age creeps on apace we can write pleasant histories upon our faces, and impart to them a prettiness that they lacked even in childhood's gladdened hour. "An' it please us."

To be pretty seems to some girls the *se plus ultra* of life. To them we say cultivate the graces of disposition which are known to yourself will illuminate your face.

Beauty, without beauty of the soul, cannot show its power with happiness, but its possession often engenders jealousy, and detraction, and its owner is made to feel the sting of vituperous fang, and remember these lines:

"Beautiful face they that wear  
The light of the pleasant spirit there,  
It matters little if dark or fair.

"Beautiful hands are they that do  
The work of the good, good and true,  
Honey for them the long day true.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.  
BONG.

Away to the whole with prettiness,  
He happy who may  
Use his own face as a mirror.

We'll do our sparkling water  
To some far better use,  
When setting out for life to summe.

And also forever smile,  
Where flowers of triple brightness  
Beneath the sun's rays gleam.

Where fountains of gurgling pleasure  
Come the sweetest air,  
And love and hope before us.

No regret before us,  
Our future a new Eden,  
With new-born colors there.

The love that binds us, darling,  
Will burn till life is done,  
And after that, I do not know.

My heaven's already won,  
Thus away with fading pretences,  
Our love on life's uncertain.

Any? To the south, away!

Biographical Sketches  
BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BY MARICE F. EGAN.

Benedict Arnold was born at Norwich, Connecticut, on the 13th of January, 1740. His father was a shipowner, having an extensive trade with the West Indies. He was suspected of "sharp" dealings, and his integrity was not without reproach. For a time he prospered, but reverses came, and he gradually sank into poverty and intemperance. Mrs. Arnold, his second wife, was much respected for her virtues and amiability of temper. Benedict and his sister Hannah were the only ones of the six children who survived beyond the years of childhood.

During the early part of Benedict Arnold's life, his father's affairs prospered, and he enjoyed the advantage of a good education, although there is no evidence that he profited extraordinarily by it. While yet a lad, he was apprenticed to the Lathrop, druggists, who were distant relations of his mother. In spite of the interest they took in the boy, his employers were soon compelled to acknowledge that he was mischievous, restless and cruel. His amusements were indicative of his character. He delighted in robbing birds' nests, and in making the young birds in sight of their parents, in order that he might enjoy the distress of both. A school-house stood near the drug-gist's establishment, and it was one of young Arnold's pleasures to scatter fragments of broken vials in the path that the children would take in coming from school. There was a mill in the neighborhood, to which he often took corn to be ground, and while waiting for the meal, he would climb to the water-wheel, and be swiftly whirled around as it moved—now above and now below the surface of the stream.

At the age of sixteen, he secretly enlisted, and started with other recruits for Hartford, but his mother, suspecting his proceeding, hurried to his rescue, and he again ran away and enlisted. Military discipline, however, proved ungenial to his untamed spirit. He deserted, and returned to Norwich. When an officer passed through the town in search of deserters, his friends concealed him in a cellar. At nightfall he made his escape into the interior of the country, and remained there until the officer's departure. Mrs. Arnold was deeply affected by the wayward conduct of her only son.

"Heaven," says Sparks, in his biography of Arnold, "directed her from the anguish of witnessing her son's career of ambition without virtue, of glory tarnished with crime, and of depravity ending in infamy and ruin. She died before he reached the age of manhood."

Having completed his term of apprenticeship, he began business on his own account, in New Haven. He was success-

ful as an apothecary and general merchant, but his restless activity needed a wider field of exercise. He engaged in the business of shipping cattle and provisions to the West Indies. He became bankrupt—but with indomitable energy and perseverance, embarked again in the same business. He married a lady named Mansfield, who died about the beginning of the Revolution. He had by this marriage three sons—Benedict, Richard, and Henry. Benedict, the eldest, died young, in the West Indies. The others survived him.

In March, 1775, Benedict Arnold was appointed commander of one of the companies of militia known as the Governor's Guards. The New Haven people were thrown into a ferment of excitement by the news of the battle of Lexington. Arnold at once cried, "To arms!" His company was without ammunition, which the town authorities hesitated to supply. He was in no mood to parley, so he sent a message to the Selectmen to the effect that if the keys of the magazine were not given to him, he would break it open by force. The Selectmen, perhaps glad of the chance, complied with his demand, and at the head of his company, Arnold hastened impetuously toward the field of action.

On the 3d of May, he was commissioned as a colonel in the service of Massachusetts, and commander-in-chief of a body of troops—yet to be raised—which was to make an attack on Fort Mifflin, a stronghold in the hands of the British. Much to his regret and disappointment, however, he discovered that a party had already set out on the same errand, commanded by Colonel Easton and Ethan Allen. Just as these volunteers had appointed their chief, Arnold, who was making his appearance, and boldly claimed the command in virtue of his commission. The volunteers, astonished by such assurance, refused to acknowledge his authority, and he, after some altercation, consented to serve in the ranks. When, on the 10th of May, Benedict Arnold was taken by the Americans, Arnold distinguished himself by his reckless bravery, and assumed the privilege of entering the fort at the left hand of Ethan Allen, who passed through the gate at the head of his men. Not long after this, Arnold was appointed commander of a expedition which was to proceed through the wilderness to Quebec, and he received from Washington a colonelcy in the Continental service.

His brilliant courage made itself conspicuous. There was no braver officer in the army; it is a pity that his other qualities were not equal to his courage. He had no popularity among the masses of the people, though he was disliked in the army. Unfortunately, he never understood patriotism as Washington understood it—a virtue to be exercised for a pure motive than that of mere personal gain—but he regarded it as a valuable asset, for which his country was bound to remunerate him in the proportion that he displayed it. In February, 1777, Congress appointed five new major generals, all of them being Arnold's juniors. He indignantly complained of this public slight. Washington, who always acted in a friendly spirit toward him, wrote a soothing letter, and promised his endeavors to rectify the seeming injustice of this appointment. After his brave exploits at Danbury, Congress could no longer refuse him promotion. 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had better try the up-town route first. The carriage was driven up street and the Mr. Graham in not sharp enough to play a double on so. You take Broad street, and I'll take the Ridge. If nothing turns up between we'll come together on the Washington.

"All right. Think the Washington is the point?"

"It looks like it, from the time they were gone."

This programme was duly carried out. Hiram made full inquiries at all the taverns on the Ridge Road, but no one had seen the carriage. Tom made the same unsuccessful investigation along the line of Broad street, and the country roads leading thence to the place of rendezvous. The entire lot knew Thompson's road, but no one had seen it since before last.

The two scouts came together on the line of Washington creek without having discovered anything.

"I'm afraid they have met on the open road and not made any stoppage," said Tom.

"Not so," replied Hiram. "They have stopped somewhere, and that is what I am bound to find out."

"What makes you think so?"

"If they had engaged to meet him on the road, a place would have been fixed somewhere near the city, and they would not have been three hours away. Will Graham is fond of horse flesh, and the pair were often out on a drive together. This was their route. Now it is likely they had some usual stopping place, and it is my notion that that is the place where they're met. I've got my fancy fixed on the Hermitage."

"Well put, Hiram. You're never very far wrong. Let's go for the Hermitage."

At the latter place a short series of questions brought out the whole fact of the stoppage of the carriage, and of the incident connected with it.

Mr. Graham and his lady friend had stopped in the hotel and taken refreshments, they said, while the other party, being attended to, had afterward walked down the road, out of sight from the house. Had been away about ten minutes.

"Did they return together?" asked Tom.

"Yes, and he placed the lady in the carriage at once."

"He did not get in himself then?"

"No. He had dropped his driving gloves down the road, and went back after it."

"Did he take anything with him from the carriage?"

"Not as I noticed. I wasn't paying much attention to him."

"They drove off as soon as he came back?"

"Yes."

"About what time was that?"

"Just about ten."

"And he arrived here at half past nine?"

"That, or something sooner."

"That will do, my friend. Excuse me for troubling you," said Tom, as he took Hiram by the arm and they walked away together.

"Well, Hiram, how is it? Did that fellow tell the truth?"

"Yes. He told all he knew about it."

"The Hermitage is the spot, then?"

"They must have driven pretty smart between here and the stable, coming and going. They had to time to stop any where else. We have nailed the spot. Now we have got to try and nail the man."

"What is your plan for the next move?"

"Merville got that bundle, and a disguise in it. He has been a masquerader and they are apt to put on odd rigs. Now it is most likely that he's got them to bring him one of his old masquerade suits. We've got to ask around if any stranger has been seen about here in any sort of unusual dress."

"That is just the idea that struck me. Shall we begin here?"

"No. We've asked questions enough at the Hermitage. They might guess our object, and put Will Graham on his guard in case he should be out here again. That man knows Merville's hiding places, and we've got to be delicate in handling him."

"Very true. The day's young yet. Let us go for the trail."

"It was ten o'clock at night when this business came off. Merville had likely tramped out here from the city, after dark, and must have been well tired out. He has very likely taken lodging for the night at some public-house within a mile or two of here. His first stop on his disguise, though, and either hid his clothes, or took them with him in a bundle. I think our game is clear, Tom. You strike up the creek, and off by the old mill over toward Germantown. I will go below, and try the Falls, and the places to the west."

"They were each provided with a light, one horse carriage, and made good time in their investigation. They were a long time, however, in finding any trace of the fugitive."

At length, in an obscure inn, well off toward Chestnut Hill, Tom learned that a thoughtful-looking stranger had passed the night there, and that he had been seen in the neighborhood of the mill. He was dressed in a well-worn sailor rig, was burnt brown as a mulatto, and bore a bundle under his arm, said bundle being about the size necessary to contain a suit of clothes.

He had left after an early breakfast in the morning, taking his bundle with him. Other parties in the neighborhood had noticed the same man that morning. He had followed a road leading east, and had been seen by the inmates of several houses on this road.

Before proceeding further in this inquiry, Tom drove back to a place of meeting appointed between himself and Hiram. This was in Germantown, and he found the latter already there. Hiram had had to look in his investigation, and at once accepted Tom's discovery as a probably correct one. Characters like the one in question would not be apt to spend their time wandering around this locality, and very likely the sailor was their man.

At once drove back to the place mentioned, Hiram leaving his carriage in Germantown and taking a seat with Tom. The trail was clear for a considerable distance up the road to the place where Tom saw the man that morning. Many of the people at the scattered houses along this road had observed him.

Further on the houses grew much more widely separated, and the trail seemed to be lost for a considerable distance.

No one whom they asked had noticed him, and they began to feel that he had given them the slip by taking a branch road, or crossing the fields to some other highway.

At this point of doubt, however, a man who was working in a field by the roadside, and who had seen a strange sailor, following the road they were on, with a bundle under his arm, about nine o'clock the previous morning.

They were on the trail again, and proceeded onward more rapidly and confidently. The traces now of the fugitive became very scattered, but they were able to come in fairly to keep on his track, some persons being found, at the end of every interval of doubt, who had seen him.

The way still bent easterly, and was rapidly approaching the Delaware. Finally they came out near the river, at a considerable distance above the city.

A single glance at the locality showed them both that they were in the neighborhood of Glendale. Their horse was a little fagged by his long drive, and they put him up at the hotel stable here, while they continued their investigation on foot.

The sailor had been observed about here by a number of people. He had apparently wandered aimlessly around Glendale and to the north of it.

His actions seemed those of one who had no other object in view than to kill time. This seemed proved by the fact of his having taken the twelve o'clock train to the city. It appeared as if he had been simply waiting for the cars. But, as Hiram remarked, it was rather this to suppose that a man would walk from Chestnut Hill over here, just to take the cars, when he had a railroad there at his elbow.

"What brought him here then?" asked Tom.

"That which has brought many a man before to him destruction, and will bring him into lime yet, if he has escaped as this time."

"I see your point," replied Tom. "There's a woman in the case. That Miss Dubois, with whom he is said to be in love?"

"Exactly. That's the head of the nail, and you've hit it square. Our game is played here for the day, but it is getting to be very plain sailing."

"What is your idea?"

"Just to keep our eyes on the candle and we're sure to catch the moth."

"Watch the man and catch the lad. That's my notion too."

"Do you know Tom, that I would rather not arrest him just yet. Of course there's my duty as an officer, and all that to consider. And then the reward is an inducement. But I don't think the ends of justice would be served by laying our hands on this man now. I believe he had no more to do with the murder than I had. But that wouldn't help him if he was tried at present, after his escape from the court. I want to get stronger evidence than my own belief before I nab him."

"But if he gives himself right into your hands?"

"My hands would have to close on him."

"I think you are putting too fine a point on this affair altogether. It is our business to capture him, and none of our business what the courts do. And we are not going to let a fellow who has done as much, and after all lost the reward."

"It's the money you are after, Tom. Wayland," said Hiram, turning away with a look of disgust. "Do you forget that there's a man's life at stake here, as well as a tidy handful of dollars?"

"I know this much. It is none of our affair to play fast and loose, and plan all these delicate arrangements to keep a fellow out of our hands till we feel inclined to lay hold of him."

"Do on then. Arrest him, if you can. I give that part of it into your hands. I will not have his blood on my hands if he is innocently condemned."

"When did you get up this tender conscience, Hiram? I have known you when you were not quite so squeamish."

"I have no conscience in dealing with one of your brutal rogues, such as we have generally to do with. Can you not see, Tom, that this is a man of a different stamp? And that girl that he is in love with? I would not do anything to hurt her for ten times the reward."

"Ah! my boy. Is it there the wind lies? I thought your eyes were taken with that bit of girlhood. Come, Hiram, man, this sort of thing is played out. We are officers of the law, and are expected to do our duty to the utmost without minding what comes after."

"We are detectives, too, whose business it is to ferret out crime and trace it to its right source. Any lot of us officers can watch a man, and nab him if he comes under his nose. But it isn't every one that can manage a delicate job like this we've got in hand. No matter though, Tom. You shall have your way. I will have the fellow watched. But there is no hurry. Merville will not be back here for several days."

"Then our sport is up for to-day, and we can get back to the city."

"Not exactly. I have another little bit of work on hand. We will let our horses rest an hour longer, and in the meantime I want to take a two-miles walk up the river."

"And two miles back is four. Four miles on foot, and not knowing what is heavy work for Tom Wayland."

"Come ahead then, and I'll lead it off as we travel. What is a four-miles tramp anyhow, to a fellow with your legs and muscles? Look at me now, and then hold your tongue."

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"And the stuff to carry it with," said Hiram, laughing, as he stepped out of the free, swinging pace that took some exertion on the part of his companion to keep step with.

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"The old house?"

"Yes. They've got a spot nearer the city now. Ogden took the house of their hands, and kept his boat there still, after he left the club. You see, Tom, he always sported a boat or two of his own, and as he couldn't be head devil at the club he needed, kept the old house for his own boat, and the club built themselves a place near the city."

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"If it is it has lost its head. There may be a clue left, though, that we can work on. Some of the boats out of that mysterious boat."

"If we find them we'll pull them hard to see where they are fastened. Pull them till somebody squeals."

"Just so, Tom. And it strikes me that is the place just ahead."

They had followed a road leading a short distance from the river, with occasional cottages and villas on the terraced banks of the stream. The latter ran on in full view, a broad, level, brilliant surface, in striking contrast with the emerald verdure of its banks.

For the last mile they had passed through a space unobscured, as yet, by the row of mansions which occupied so much of the river front. There lay before them an unobscured spot, that sloped down to a sandy margin, washed by the rippling

waters, and was covered with long verdure, luxuriant for that October day. Here stood a low, stone boat-house, shingled, and half covered by climbing vines.

In front of it, leaning himself in the warm afternoon rays, half reclined an individual, who looked the embodiment of the water rat.

Grizzled, sunburned, covered with a tarpaulin that was half umbrella, dressed in the full attire of a waterman, with one leg of his pantaloons down, the other thrust into his boot-top, his whole aspect was that of the man who is born in a boat and cradled on the river billows. He had nothing of the salty air of the genuine ocean sailor.

Unconsciously seating himself beside this individual, while his friend stood at a distance busily whittling a stick, Hiram glanced easily into conversation, asking a host of questions, with an air of the deepest ignorance, about the fisheries, the depth of the channel, the limit of tide-water, the force of the current, &c., which the waterman seemed pleased with the opportunity to answer.

His actions seemed those of one who had no other object in view than to kill time. This seemed proved by the fact of his having taken the twelve o'clock train to the city. It appeared as if he had been simply waiting for the cars. But, as Hiram remarked, it was rather this to suppose that a man would walk from Chestnut Hill over here, just to take the cars, when he had a railroad there at his elbow.

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on the flash and fire, cloud and lightning, and you know, Molly, and as a Spanish countess visiting her South American husband, have no equal in the line. But she wanted more for another day, and she did not drop into our hands tonight.

"Four watch—half help her!" cried Molly, with a gasp, then she turned toward her, and stood for a moment or two looking at the countess with a curious expression on her face.

"Why, you know her, Molly, it seems," said Mrs. Barton, who had watched every movement closely.

"Yes, I know her, Molly answered, in a low and faltering tone, but she did not raise her eyes nor move away from the sight of the countess who appeared to have filled her with painful emotions.

"Is there any reason why she won't quit us, Molly?" Mrs. Barton asked, after a pause and further observation.

"None that I know of," said the other, turning herself by a sudden effort.

"What you please with her, and I haven't a word to say, she cunning and shy as Satan, to begin with, and so you'll find her ready for your work—only don't bring her near me, it isn't safe for a lady like her."

Mrs. Barton uttered a low and almost inaudible whistle on hearing this, and, as if to change the current of her visitor's thoughts, remarked, in a friendly manner:

"You're just come in, Molly, so well go down and have supper together; Pat says Nan has some trips, and I shall coffee it will do us both good."

Without in the least attending to these words, Molly moved a step nearer to the girl in the easy chair, and half raised a slender hand that fell from the cushioned arm.

"She's the daughter of a clerk called Barton, a man who has half ruined his family by expending every penny he can get hold of. She's a milliner's girl, as you can see by the mark of the shield on her finger and by that prickled place there where she pushes the needle. Ah, she's a sly puss, you may know that by her face and the sound of her voice, you may learn her new tricks, but she can teach you cutting."

Again the queer-looking boy poked in his head at the door and delivered himself of a message from the invisible Nan, to the effect that if they wanted supper they must come and get it now, as she didn't mean to stand stewing over the fire all night.

Molly dropped the hand she had lifted and turned at the first sound of the boy's voice.

"Well, Patsy," she said, kindly, and her altered tone expressed a strange reluctance, to which the lad responded in turn by offering her some with equal fondness. "I hope you didn't wait for me to-night, she continued, in a low tone. "It's too bad to keep away so long, but I had a fit of wandering on me, and I've walked half over the town."

"Well, it's time enough. I won't hurry," said the boy, good humoredly. "I never care for nothing when you ain't here."

"Too bad, too bad," murmured Molly, and took her hand in hers, putting it off affectionately, as they descended the dark staircase stairs together, but Mrs. Barton stayed behind to see that her charge was not in danger, and carefully locked the door before she followed them below.

## CHAPTER III.

THE BARTONS AND THEIR HONORED VISITOR.

The house of John Barton, clerk in a banking establishment on one of the larger city wharves, stood in a short, detached row, some distance from any other buildings, in the extreme western part of the city.

It was a most homely dwelling, as befitted his circumstances, but plain and inexpensive as it was, his two daughters had been brought up to lives of industry, and through necessity taught to assist in guiding the family living, for Allan, the only son, was, by his father's election, to be a gentleman and a scholar, and the expenses of his education had already made hard work of his two sisters.

On the day following the rescue of the poor, poor girl from the river by Mrs. Worthy and her friend Jim Ball, Mrs. Barton and her daughter Marian sat at work in their small front sitting-room, leaning and filling tables of delicate colored silk to trim a ball dress for one of Mrs. Barton's best customers.

Marian was Mrs. Barton's youngest girl, not yet twenty, but better grown and more womanly in mind and figure than her fair and slender sister Lucy, and therefore sitting nearest the sister of the two.

Even from her childhood she had displayed a ready and helpful nature, anxious to bear the pains and burdens of others, and always trying to make the most of her own strength.

She early arrived at the knowledge of her family's need, and set at once about doing her small part to relieve it, being a quick and expert needlewoman, she offered herself to Mrs. Barton as an assistant the very day after she left the ward school, where she and Lucy had received such education as their father considered it necessary for them to have.

For months she had worked for nearly nothing in the capacity of an apprentice, but for the last two years the dressmaker had allowed her a modest salary, and often praised her as one of the neatest and most reliable of her hands.

It was a favor to the girl to be allowed to carry home her work and increase its quantity by gaining her mother's assistance, and it was in this way they had hoped to sit together this winter afternoon, making the most of the evening light, while Allan with his pile of books and geometrical instruments absorbed the dying sunshine in the last window.

A guest occupied the best chair, a stuffed rocker, bought by the daughters' joint earnings, as a present for their mother after a long illness the winter before, but now considered by a handsome lady and kept as the seat of honor in the best room.

The visitor was lady with a pale complexion and delicately formed features. She had a youthful air, though past the bloom of that sweet season, and her manner was a strange compound of extreme shyness and consciousness with an undercurrent of restlessness, nervous force, varied with quick flashes of suspicion or curiosity.

She was dressed with exquisite taste and studied effect, and seemed conscious of her by no means faded beauty, and even posed it a little for the fascination of the young student, who raised his eyes from his book occasionally to rest them admiringly on her fair person.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Barton, you do not show how happy you are in having so scholarly a son, she said, in her easiest tone, then she sighed and cast down her eyes with a miserably shake of her head.

"I do not mean to compliment Mr. Allan here, for you know I do not deal in empty speeches. I am only thinking of my own poor boy," she continued, in a saddened tone. "Engage in a hopeless career, I fear, a character that of all others I detect,

how sad then to find it illustrated in my only son."

Marian bent more closely over her work, and her color grew scarlet, but she bit her lips, as if determined not to speak.

Mrs. Barton feeling herself called on for a remark, and in every case wishing to agree with her visitor, said that it was certainly a great pity, and about her head, too. "It is a great disappointment," continued the lady. "I had such dreams for him, such high hopes, but all are blasted and scattered, and I am down to see him pass an idle, degraded life without one noble thought, one refined sentiment."

"Indeed, dear Mrs. Barton, you say so?" Marian broke out impulsively, evidently no longer able to restrain her indignation.

"Mr. Engage has genius, absolute genius that some above difficulty and persecution, and that will one day make him great and honored by the few that know him well, and have no desire to be unjust or detract from his merits."

The lady turned herself about quickly and brought her keen dark eyes to bear on the flushed and trembling speaker.

"Has maiden modesty gone on of date, and do pretty girls champion young men into becoming their lovers?" she murmured, in a low tone. Then she laughed in her usual easy way, and said: "You are warm, my dear, but not quite reasonable. Engage has a sort of knack at dabbling paint on canvas, I will allow, but I could enough to desire a manly, intelligent occupation for my only son—something that would accord with his wealth and position."

Mrs. Barton murmured, "Certainly," and Allan glanced over his book pile as if to say, "Something in this line, for instance," but Marian dropped her eyes on her work, and did not look up again.

"No Lucy has gone to New York," remarked Mrs. Blanchard after awhile, and in a changed tone. "I suppose she means to become a thorough business woman, and make quite a fortune," she added.

"Well, we hope she will do well," said Mrs. Barton, with a pleased smile. "And Mr. Barton, who certainly ought to understand business, since he has tried so many kinds, thinks that it will be the making of her. Madame de Pleny, the lady who sent for her, is a new hand, and in first class style, you know. Lucy is a good milliner, and knows how to turn beautifully, so her father thinks she's sure to be a partner in another year."

"I think you said Mrs. Kentley, her old employer, was unable to keep her any longer," he said. Mrs. Blanchard, raising her cunning eyes on the mother, and waiting for her reply.

"Yes, Lucy said so; didn't she, Marian?" asked Mrs. Barton, turning to her daughter.

Marian said, "Yes," in a reluctant tone, and, watching Mrs. Blanchard's face, she only felt convinced that there was an evil influence lurking behind her questions.

She rose up to go, and seeing that Allan put aside his books to offer himself as her escort, she laughingly yet flatteringly rejected his gallantry.

"No, no, M. Allan, I cannot take you from your studies, but your sister here needs a breath of fresh air, which she can catch between this and the next square, where my carriage waits for me. Will you join me, my dear Miss Marian?"

As she turned to ask the question, Marian detected a strange meaning in her eyes, and instantly obeyed, putting on her bonnet without a word, and following her to the door, to which both Allan and his mother escorted her as a more than ordinary presence had him honored them by her presence.

When the two stood alone in the street together, Mrs. Blanchard's manner lost its insinuating snavity, and appeared sharp and decided.

"You announce yourself as my son's champion quite boldly," she said. "Have you calculated the consequences of having his parents' displeasure, Miss Marian?"

"I have only spoken the truth," said Marian, her color flushing and fading painfully. "I know him to be undervalued and undervalued, and I do not believe I should listen to it in silence."

"Do you mean to say that I am not the best judge of what is right for the boy? Do you attempt to doubt his mother's judgment?"

"His mother could not be so unjust to him," said Marian, the words were low, and evidently uttered with a great effort.

"But you are not his mother, you are only his sister, and I have heard you speak the words."

"For an instant Mrs. Blanchard became deadly white, and seemed to totter on her feet. She stood still and caught an iron post near her for support, but presently recovering her calmness, laughed lightly and answered: "Why what words, child? I have not said a word in vain."

"I have not said a word in vain," she repeated, in a low tone, and if you can be serious and listen to me you will learn why. Your sister Lucy has trumped up a story to deceive the family, and her going to New York is a mere pretence. The girl is in the city at this moment."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Marian, breathlessly. "Lucy here, and deceiving us all, that is impossible."

"Not at all," said the other, coolly, and evidently enjoying the alarm she excited. "I've detected the story when it was first told to me, and I saw her last night, hours after the train started, wandering out toward the river, with enough of secrecy and perturbation in her manner to excite my attention. I ordered my man to turn and drive after her as soon as she passed the carriage, but whether she saw and suspected my design of following her, or was merely bent on hiding herself from sight, I can't tell, I only know that she disappeared in a moment, and I could not trace her."

"It cannot be," said poor Marian, slowly, her broken voice betrayed an agony of suspense and fear, and her changing face showed plainly that many recollections flashing back on her, before unnoticed, helped to establish Mrs. Blanchard's words, and prove that her unhappy sister had really left them under strange circumstances, and with something on her mind.

"There is trouble, if not disgrace, surrounding Lucy's flight," said Mrs. Blanchard, continuing to speak in a cool, untroubled tone. "As your mother's old neighbor and good friend, I should have spoken to her on the subject. I preferred to favor you, however, and save the rest from the knowledge, though you scarce deserve my thankfulness."

"Thank you, Marian exclaimed, earnestly. "Whatever your motive may be, I thank you with all my heart for sparing them. I trust you are mistaken, and I would not have them needlessly alarmed."

"She added, but just at that moment a small, ragged-looking boy, with a large head and cunning eyes, drew closer to her side and uttered her name.

She turned quickly, and he held out a lot of folded paper, evidently the fly-leaf of a book torn out for the purpose of a hasty note.

"Is that for me?" she asked, nervously, looking round on all sides, as if expecting to see some one who could explain the meaning of the scene.

"Is your name Miss Marian Barton?" asked the lad, quickly. "Yes, I am it, I mean you look like she said you would—and you are to read this and keep what it says a secret."

Marian took the paper in her hand, but it fell from her trembling fingers, and lay partly open on the ground at her feet.

Mrs. Blanchard snatched it up, gave her a hasty glance, and laughed triumphantly.

"I needed corroborative, and it comes to hand," she said. "This tells the story, and you will no longer try to brave my power."

Marian's whole frame trembled with the shock she had received, and for a time her reason and self-command refused to aid her. She looked helplessly after the receding boy, and held the note before her blurred and swimming eyes, without being able to understand its words.

"Your sister is in trouble, that's plain," continued the companion, and a business-like tone. "She needs help—and so will you. Now I am willing to keep your secret, and aid you, if need be; but listen and mark my words, Marian Barton—you must give me your promise in return, never to utter such a thought of Engage and my relationship—above all things, never to encourage him by word or glance of love, let him say what he may to you in the way of wooing."

The poor girl had been struck as by a cruel blow. The sudden knowledge of her sister's wretchedness had fallen on her like a physical injury, and deprived her for the time of the power to think or act. Now kind nature came to her relief in a burst of passionate weeping, and she sobbed from the depths of her suffering heart.

"I will promise anything, only spare my mother," only keep this dreadful story from the people at home, and I will give you my word to see Mr. Engage no more. And as for love—oh! what have I to do with love or hope since such a blight has fallen on me and mine?"

"There, now, you talk like a sensible girl, and may rely on me as your friend. Do I promise you, now, and take your word for you obey the summons I see Lucy has sent you. If the secret is to be kept, you must not show a face like that at the tea-table to-night. Keep your counsel and rely on me."

As she said this, Mrs. Blanchard motioned her companion, who was waiting for a signal, and with another meaning look at Marian drove rapidly away.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

## CHAPTER LIV.

## IN THE PARK.

Meanwhile Captain Walter Arundell, who did not prolong his stay at Trendledeep, ever watchful to the feelings of others, even when most attentive to his own, rode down to the Red Lion, to inquire after Mr. Meriton. He was better, but unable, as yet, to give any rational account of his accident.

Mr. Grosbeak, however, was there, and detained Walter as long as he could, speaking of the events of the morning. He seemed surprised at the visit of Mr. Meriton, and still more at the sudden alarm which had sprung up between the two houses of Meriton.

"But I suppose the idea is to unite the two houses, and bring the broad acres of Trendledeep and Swallowthorpe Manor under one head," said the crafty attorney.

"Probably," replied the captain, adding to change the subject, enlarged upon Mr. Hubert's sudden taste for improvements, and his determination to take a new steward and dairyman, which he had expressed to him during his short visit.

The other listened with a keen eye and sharp ear—with a sort of covert sneer upon his face.

"You don't believe in my friend's sudden conversion to agricultural pursuits," said Walter, with a hearty laugh. "He is not very bucolic."

"Foreign travel and foreign tastes are apt to do that," said the attorney, looking at the other, dryly.

The conversation continued in the same tone, and then, just as the captain prepared to return to his own hotel, a lady sent a message, expressing a wish to see him in a private room.

The soldier, considerably astonished, at once left the snuff-box, and in a moment found himself face to face with the Signorina della Rocca, who was unusually pale and anxious.

"I have just arrived," she said, "summoned on unexpected business. I heard you were in the house, and hastened to see you. Have you any trace of my daughter?"

"I have found her," he replied.

"Found her? Where?"

"She is at Trendledeep Manor, in the custody of Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordant."

"By what claim? Great heavens!"

"Of that parent," said Walter, looking at her keenly. "At least, that is his assertion."

"And Lucy?"

"Appears contented enough, except from her anxiety to see her mother. Can she see me?"

"With ease."

"In what way?"

"She is in no manner a prisoner, by no means. She receives visitors, rides and walks in the park—as, I fancy, on a kind of moral parole."

"Your humble servant," said Walter Arundell, with a blush, "for one, Sir Vincent and Lady Mordant, with their son, Cecil, for others."

"Cecil Mordant! The young man is persevering. Have you spoken of your son?" she continued, looking at him keenly.

"I have," he retorted, "but though, when in her presence, I feel hope, yet, when I reflect, it appears to me that her heart is faithful to its first affections; and that, I fear me, is Cecil Mordant."

"Lucy can never see the heir of Sir Vincent Mordant, that is certain," she answered, bitterly. "But you say I can see my child?"

"I can take you to her whenever you choose—at midnight, when she walks in the park."

"The signorina is devoted for some minutes. It must be, then," she continued, with a sigh. "I must re-enter those accursed precincts. You will accompany me to-night?"

"I am at your orders, signorina."

a full explanation of my history and motives."

Captain Walter Arundell bowed with a somewhat melancholy smile.

"Hubert Treherne Mordant is the father of Lucy Mordant, I may venture to ask."

"He is."

"He has spoken to me frankly, and assured me that nothing save the obscurity and mystery of my birth can in any way induce him to refuse me his consent. That mystery I hope in a day or so to clear up."

"Mystery! mystery! it appears to be the bone of all families. He does not favor, then, the suit of young Cecil?"

"Well, I believe that he has been very much influenced by the view of his interest, made subsequently to my interview. He has accepted from him the promise of a steward. Mr. Mordant has, it appears, made up his mind to start as a thorough country gentleman."

"Has he?" observed the signorina, with a baleful light in her eyes which stared the other two persons may have to say a word on that subject. But I must not do this to explain. What will you do with yourself until the hour of our departure?"

"I will ride to my hotel, dine, and be at your orders at eleven o'clock," replied Walter.

"I shall count upon you," said the signorina, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"This is the most strange labyrinth in which I ever found myself," mused the captain, as he rode away. "I have the favor of apparently both a sister and a mother, each of whom cordially as far as I can see. I want only the favor of the young lady and—for conscience is an ugly monster—the approval of my own self. For, Master Walter Arundell, though love may blind us somewhat, you have not acted quite fairly. I have been told that you are a mere boy—what is the passion of that age to the deep love of mine? True, I have had other fancies—poor Eleanor attracted me by her gentleness and tenderness once; but she always seemed a sister, while Lucy is an angel. Besides, in love and war all strategies are fair."

In this humor Captain Walter reached his inn, ordered dinner, drank an extra bottle of wine to pass the time away, and then lighting a cigar, walked the whole way to the Red Lion.

It had never struck him to be surprised at the presence of the signorina at this inn. In the present state of his mind nothing surprised him.

He walked as in a maze, and trusted to Providence to bring him out at the right end.

The night was very dark and cold, though dry, and without keen wind. Still, it was a tramping evening for a lady to go out.

But when the tragic drama of life is being enacted—when the passions are aroused and events are rushing, as it were, toward a catastrophe—women of the gentlest nature and the most refined education are sometimes driven to action, and are by no means to be checked by slight physical considerations.

He first asked for Grosbeak, the hear being too early for his departure with the signorina, but Grosbeak had been out all the evening on business, they told him, and he would be back in the morning.

He asked for the signorina, and was told she would be back directly in the meantime, they brought him a newspaper.

Into this he plunged with that determination which was characteristic of all his actions, and was quite lost in an interesting debate on military strategy, and the merits of the various systems of attack, and was by no means to be checked by slight physical considerations.

He roused himself, and saw the signorina before him, wrapped up in furs, and so closely veiled that he could scarcely have recognized her had he met her by accident.

"It is time," she said.

"I am at your service. Do you walk?" he added.

"Yes, the tumult of my mind is so great, the night air will do me good. Besides, we shall be less observed and noticed."

"Which is the power of human presence," which cannot force one moment what will happen in this world."

The captain put on his hat, a thick outer coat, and, clutching a stick which from habit he always carried, offered his arm, and led the mother of the girl of his affection into the street, dryly.

Such is the power of the great master passion, love, that he, so utterly averse to mystery and deceit, was willing, in the cause of Lucy, to descend to what, if not treachery, was something very much like it.

They followed the high road for some time, but the darkness was so great, which led to the Perry gate, entrance of the park, and followed it without meeting a living soul.

Once or twice in the distance they caught faintly the sound of a horse leisurely trotting, but, there being many roads, they paid no particular attention to this circumstance. Have you any trace of my daughter?"

"I have found her."

"Found her? Where?"

"She is at Trendledeep Manor, in the custody of Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordant."

"By what claim? Great heavens!"

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"Cecil Mordant! The young man is persevering. Have you spoken of your son?" she continued, looking at him keenly.

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"I can take you to her whenever you choose—at midnight, when she walks in the park."

"The signorina is devoted for some minutes. It must be, then," she continued, with a sigh. "I must re-enter those accursed precincts. You will accompany me to-night?"

"I am at your orders, signorina."

about your neighbor's park at night!" said the stranger, clutching the other's arm.

"And pray, Mr. Cecil Mordant, by what right do you make yourself a spy and watcher?"

"Walter."

"Yes. But a trace to any hunter—we want to understand. I am here to unite a mother and child. I have no explanation to give you."

"It was the signorina who entered with you and watched."

"Yes."

"Believe me, Walter, I have no unworthy motive in watching you," said Cecil, in a slightly melancholy voice. "I had spent the evening at Meriton, and on reaching the park walked slowly. When near the Perry gate, I halted mechanically, and looked over the walls, toward what, pardon me, is now my terrestrial paradise. Then I saw two figures, darkly muffled, creep rather than walk up to the gate, look keenly about them, and disappear."

Walter smiled.

"Leaving some danger to Lucy—she, who is the darling of my life, though she may never be my wife—I dismounted, fastened my horse, and followed. In an instant I was beside a dark pool of water, where I saw a sight that puzzled and alarmed me."

"Indeed? May I ask what it was?"

"Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordant dragging the dark pool with what appeared a boat hook. The moonlight fell on his face, and, my heavens! he looked so mad and terrible I dared scarcely recollect him."

"Did he speak?"

"Yes, and his words were wild and incoherent. 'They can't have stolen it, it can't have run away, and yet I saw it fall in—down—down—down—to the depths of the bottomless pit. By heavens! it must be found and buried. No, no! No more to-night, and he hurried away. At a loss what to do, I took this path toward the house, and here I am.'

"Let us return. We have no right to pry into family secrets. Mr. Mordant is eccentric, and, at times, a little more. I hope he may not meet with the signorina; but let us speak of other things. We are rivals, but not, as yet, enemies."

"Not as yet."

"Who knows what may happen? At all events, you will answer me candidly?"

"Certainly."

"You love Lucy?"

"With all my heart and soul as my life."

"And yet, Cecil Mordant, you have everything else in life that you can ask for. You are the sole heir of a



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hoped that she might be enabled to put him on his guard in time to avoid this danger.

Her vigilant observation was not neglected in these walks. There was a constant dread in her mind of the espionage which she had placed upon her, and she viewed every strange person who came with a suspicious eye, fearing that each unknown face was the mask of a spy.

(One person in particular, passed her every walk she had taken, a tall, ill-favored, mechanic-like man. Not so, as far as she could see, he did not even look at her, but passed straight on and disappeared round the curve of the glen—she could hardly consider it more than coincidence. She saw him once or twice, however, during her walks through the village, not appearing to look at her, but to be simply strolling and enjoying himself.)

Maria began to have a nervous dread of this man. There was a spy, and who so likely as this stranger, who appeared in sight on every occasion of her leaving the house.

It was at all times unpleasant to feel that one's movements are observed. It was doubly so now that she felt so deeply the object of this persistent observation, and a nervous thrill came to affect her every time her eyes fell upon this ill-favored man, who seemed to follow her, and who might simply have been a mechanic out of a situation.

One afternoon, a week and more after her visit to Philadelphia, she took her accustomed walk up the glen, nervously expecting, at every step, to be followed by the man whose name she feared was digging her footsteps.

But on this occasion he failed to make his appearance, and it was with a sense of elation that she turned back after reaching the accustomed limit of her walk.

She felt that she had been either mistaken in her view concerning him, or that the solitary and innocent nature of her walks had convinced him that there was nothing to be learned in this quarter.

At any rate she was free from his presence to-day, and it was strange that a sense of relief and light-heartedness arose from this feeling of freedom from espionage.

She was disturbed in the thoughts that were occupying her by a low whistle that came from the wood to the right. Glancing hastily in that direction her eyes fell on an embrowned and leonard face, well remembered by her.

The body was half concealed by the trunk of a tree, only the face and shoulders appearing. But these were enough to reveal to her the sailor dress and disguised face of her lover.

Looking heedfully around, lest the dreaded spy should be within sight, she stepped hastily to the side of the fallen leaves where she stood awaiting.

"Dear, dear Marie!" he warmly cried, pressing her hand and kissing her lips with the deep fervor of affection. "You do not know how my soul has hungered for a sight of your face, and for a clasp of your hand."

"Would that I, too, could see your face," she replied, "freed from the necessity of this unpleasant disguise, the noble, frank countenance with which I confess I have fallen in love."

"You shall," he answered, hastily removing his false beard. "A little water will clear me of this stain, which can be replaced in a moment."

"No, no!" she cried, as he walked toward a small spring, for the purpose of carrying out his intention. "You must not. You are suspected, Robert. You are in danger here as you are in Philadelphia. Every step I have taken has been followed. I imagine that you will try to see me, and are watching me accordingly."

"Is that really the case?" he feared to say, he replied. "But they will not suspect a disguised lover's spy."

"On the contrary," she cried, excitedly, "they have penetrated your disguise. You are in the utmost danger."

"Can it be possible?" he cried, starting in alarm. "Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, I know it to be the case."

"But how? By what means can they have learned this?"

"Your sister and Mr. Graham were suspected, the carriage they used was known, and was traced to the Hermitage."

"Yes, yes, I might have guessed this. It was foolish in me to appoint such a place of meeting. But that alone would not suffice."

"Inquiries were made, and the fact that a strange sailor had been seen eluding them was traced every step you had taken. Even to this neighborhood they followed you. You may judge to what conclusion they came on finding you had been here."

"I see," he said, somewhat regretfully, "my foolishness placed myself in danger, and you in an unpleasant position."

"For myself it does not matter," she replied. "For your sake I would suffer tenfold all I have yet done. It is your danger that grieves and alarms me."

"But this is to escape, Marie. I was fortunate enough to escape them."

"Do I not tell you that your disguise is known? It is a miracle that you have escaped arrest."

"Not at all. This knowledge is confined to one or two detectives, and they are not going to make it public. They wish the glory of arresting me themselves. They will have to look for something else than a sailor, if they hope to win a glory."

"But you do not know all. I am watched here, and have been for more than a week. Every step I take is followed—every movement watched. I am in hopes that I escaped the spy to-day, however, as I saw nothing of him."

"That is the most alarming circumstance of all, Marie," he replied. "You are careless to deal with spies. I feared, from what you have told me, that some such course as this would be taken."

"Am I not right, then? Are you not in great danger?"

"I am in the lion's den; but the lion is not in sight, and I hope to escape him. Forwarded in the morning, I have no fear but that I will escape this peril."

"And can I do nothing to assist you? Tell me what to do, and I will accomplish it, no matter how difficult."

"That is my own brave-hearted love," he replied, warmly pressing her hand. "You can aid me, though by thought of applying to other sources, and saving you from what might cost considerable trouble."

"Oh, Robert!" she cried, looking reproachfully in his face. "You know how badly I want to aid you. Tell me what I am to do."

"I have other disguises in my sister's care, but dare not attempt to obtain them, after the unfortunate result of the last effort. I must trust to you and Will Graham to aid me now."

"And what shall we do? Tell me quickly. I fear that every moment here increases your danger."

"Write to Mr. Graham to meet you at any place you may appoint in the city. Here is his address. Advise him to be very careful in his movements, that he may not be followed. I wish him to pro-

ceed for me, the articles which I have written upon this card."

"Yes, yes, what then?"

"He will deliver the package to you, and you will bring it carefully home."

"Will I not be observed?"

"It may be. That risk will have to be encountered. To-day is Tuesday. I think you can have this done by Friday."

"However, if necessary."

"No. Friday will have to answer. If you can bring the package home by Thursday, so much the better. The longer it remains in the house the more likely it is to appear as innocent purchases."

"Yes, Robert—and what then?"

"Be very careful that no one learns its contents. Look the parcel up in your room, where no one can meddle with it."

"I will do so. You can depend on my care."

"Take your usual walk in the glen every afternoon."

"Yes. But what shall I do with the parcel?"

"Steal carefully out of the house on Friday night, after it has grown quite dark. It will be a moonlight night. Do you think you can find your way here, and dare you attempt it?"

"I dare attempt anything, for you, Robert."

"Fear not, I believe you do love me, and he will deliver the package to you, and you will bring it carefully home."

"Conceal the parcel behind the stone, on which we sit, and then make your way carefully home. It is an unpleasant task, but I cannot see any better mode of performing it."

"It is a pleasant task rather," she warmly exclaimed. "It may save you from the threatening danger, and I would go through fire for that. You must go. Every moment here is fraught with peril. But first I have something I wish to tell you."

She proceeded to describe her interview with Henry Ogden, and her suspicions arising from it.

"Is it of any value, Robert?" she timidly asked.

"Of the greatest, dear Marie. It may prove the missing link. From Louis to you, from you to the package. Can you depend on him?"

"Fully. He is very friendly to me, and does not hide his feelings."

"Then by all means get him secretly to learn the man's name. I will see you again, soon, and find out what you have discovered."

"Will it be safe for you to see me again?"

"Trust me for that. I have my life in my own hands," he earnestly replied.

After a few more words they parted, she descending the rocky path, and he climbing to the crest of the wooded hill.

He had just reached the crest, and was looking about with reference to his next movement, when a step sounded close behind him, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned to find the muzzle of a pistol close to his temple.

"Robert Merivale, you are my prisoner," said a somewhat excited voice. "Attempt to escape, and you are a dead man."

#### CHAPTER XXV.

There is nothing more startling than to feel the sudden fall of a heavy land on your shoulder, and, turning to gaze directly into the open mouth of a pistol, ready, at the pressure of a finger, to breathe forth very death.

The disguised man might well be excused for a nervous thrill under such circumstances. Merivale was not easily alarmed and cool-headed, and it was no imagination on his courage to feel that he involuntarily shrank from the cold contact of the weapon presented at his temple.

Yet his native coolness showed itself in the character of the thoughts that on the instant flashed through his mind.

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"But you do not know all. I am watched here, and have been for more than a week. Every step I take is followed—every movement watched. I am in hopes that I escaped the spy to-day, however, as I saw nothing of him."

"That is the most alarming circumstance of all, Marie," he replied. "You are careless to deal with spies. I feared, from what you have told me, that some such course as this would be taken."

"Am I not right, then? Are you not in great danger?"

"I am in the lion's den; but the lion is not in sight, and I hope to escape him. Forwarded in the morning, I have no fear but that I will escape this peril."

"And can I do nothing to assist you? Tell me what to do, and I will accomplish it, no matter how difficult."

"That is my own brave-hearted love," he replied, warmly pressing her hand. "You can aid me, though by thought of applying to other sources, and saving you from what might cost considerable trouble."

"Oh, Robert!" she cried, looking reproachfully in his face. "You know how badly I want to aid you. Tell me what I am to do."

"I have other disguises in my sister's care, but dare not attempt to obtain them, after the unfortunate result of the last effort. I must trust to you and Will Graham to aid me now."

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ceed for me, the articles which I have written upon this card."

"Yes, yes, what then?"

"He will deliver the package to you, and you will bring it carefully home."

"Will I not be observed?"

"It may be. That risk will have to be encountered. To-day is Tuesday. I think you can have this done by Friday."

"However, if necessary."

"No. Friday will have to answer. If you can bring the package home by Thursday, so much the better. The longer it remains in the house the more likely it is to appear as innocent purchases."

"Yes, Robert—and what then?"

"Be very careful that no one learns its contents. Look the parcel up in your room, where no one can meddle with it."

"I will do so. You can depend on my care."

"Take your usual walk in the glen every afternoon."

"Yes. But what shall I do with the parcel?"

"Steal carefully out of the house on Friday night, after it has grown quite dark. It will be a moonlight night. Do you think you can find your way here, and dare you attempt it?"

"I dare attempt anything, for you, Robert."

"Fear not, I believe you do love me, and he will deliver the package to you, and you will bring it carefully home."

"Conceal the parcel behind the stone, on which we sit, and then make your way carefully home. It is an unpleasant task, but I cannot see any better mode of performing it."

"It is a pleasant task rather," she warmly exclaimed. "It may save you from the threatening danger, and I would go through fire for that. You must go. Every moment here is fraught with peril. But first I have something I wish to tell you."

She proceeded to describe her interview with Henry Ogden, and her suspicions arising from it.

"Is it of any value, Robert?" she timidly asked.

"Of the greatest, dear Marie. It may prove the missing link. From Louis to you, from you to the package. Can you depend on him?"

"Fully. He is very friendly to me, and does not hide his feelings."

"Then by all means get him secretly to learn the man's name. I will see you again, soon, and find out what you have discovered."

"Will it be safe for you to see me again?"

"Trust me for that. I have my life in my own hands," he earnestly replied.

After a few more words they parted, she descending the rocky path, and he climbing to the crest of the wooded hill.

He had just reached the crest, and was looking about with reference to his next movement, when a step sounded close behind him, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned to find the muzzle of a pistol close to his temple.

"Robert Merivale, you are my prisoner," said a somewhat excited voice. "Attempt to escape, and you are a dead man."

CHAPTER XXV.

There is nothing more startling than to feel the sudden fall of a heavy land on your shoulder, and, turning to gaze directly into the open mouth of a pistol, ready, at the pressure of a finger, to breathe forth very death.

The disguised man might well be excused for a nervous thrill under such circumstances. Merivale was not easily alarmed and cool-headed, and it was no imagination on his courage to feel that he involuntarily shrank from the cold contact of the weapon presented at his temple.

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"I am in the lion's den; but the lion is not in sight, and I hope to escape him. Forwarded in the morning, I have no fear but that I will escape this peril."

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## THE WHITE LADY; OR, The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER XIII.  
WAS IT A VISION?

Captain Vane drew up his chair, and managed to make a tolerable meal, under the influence of his companion's cheerful example. And then, refreshed and strengthened, he began his tale.

Major Chester listened all through with absorbed attention, and was still silent long after the other had concluded.

"Well," said Captain Vane, at last, "what do you think of it?"

"It is a mysterious affair," answered Major Chester, gravely, "but I am of opinion that Wild Will is innocent enough."

"I have actual proof of his guilt in my possession."

"You mean the coat?"

"Ah."

"But it is possible for him to have had a brown coat with one button torn off, and still be no murderer—although the coincidence is a strange one, too. If you had the piece still, and could compare them, it would be different; but you say you have lost that."

"It was stolen out of my room whilst Wild Will was staying in the house."

"That is another suspicious circumstance, I admit; but tell me, Vane, what kind of a man is Mr. de Lacy?"

"There are two Mr. de Lacy's—which do you mean?"

"The one you have been staying with lately."

"He is a thoroughly good man, and tender-hearted to the last degree. He cannot bear to see suffering of any kind, and has the most extraordinary power of attaching animals, and even birds, to him that I ever saw. I don't believe there is any one in the world more incapable of a deed of violence than this old Squire."

"Unless it be Wild Will as you describe him to me?" said Major Chester, decidedly.

"The two men cannot be named in the same breath."

"Only that one may seem worse than he is, and the other better."

"There is no hypocrisy about the old Squire. He speaks frankly of his own faults."

"In order that you may contradict him, perhaps."

"Come, Chester, you are unjust—you really are. He is a man who has taken prejudice against Mr. de Lacy."

"I am not aware that I have. I am only mentioning possibilities that struck me whilst you were stating your case. They would occur, I fancy, to any impartial listener."

"But even supposing one could suspect Mr. de Lacy, it would be necessary to find a motive for the crime. He is a man of respectable position, and ample fortune; none of those indolent and dissipated characters that would have assailed Wild Will could have influenced him."

"It appears not, but you know of real hearts. Most of his hitherto immaculate lives have occasionally succumbed to a sudden strong temptation, and why not Mr. de Lacy?"

"But where could the temptation have been?" inquired Captain Vane, rather impatiently.

"I don't know. I am simply illustrating a theory of my own."

"And, meanwhile, we may be losing sight of some argument that might help us."

"I tell you what," exclaimed Major Chester, after brief reflection. "Supposing, go, that the hitherto immaculate lives have occasionally succumbed to a sudden strong temptation, and why not Mr. de Lacy?"

"But what can we do there? Wild Will is gone."

"Never mind about Wild Will for the present. There is no fear of his escaping eventually, even if he be guilty. He is in too tight a net to escape. Of course, in his precautions when he becomes somewhat reassured. Besides, he will not be able to abstain from claiming the legacy directly, and then you will be able to get hold of him, if you like. Meanwhile, I should like to see upon my own theory, if you have seen the White Lady."

"It is sheer folly, Chester; upon my honor, it is! You will only waste valuable time."

"Not at all. You might as well search for a needle in a haystack, as search for Wild Will, having no clue; and there can be no harm in attempting something in the manner of the detective line whilst we are waiting. We may find the experience we gain thereby of use to us afterward."

"Then what am I to do about the White Lady?"

"Why, my dear, good fellow, you are not nearly so superstitious as to believe that you have seen a ghost."

"No; that's just it. I don't believe I have seen a ghost; but whatever it was, it had the figure and features of Winifred de Lacy."

Major Chester looked at him compassionately. He began to think that trouble had troubled his brain.

"My dear Vane, it was simply a delusion. Your thoughts are so full of her, it is but natural your imagination should run away with you sometimes."

"I was not thinking of Winifred at that moment, and moreover, I was perfectly calm and unbiassed. Of course, I did not believe the child's story, but I was prepared to investigate the matter coolly; and great as the shock of such a recognition was to me, I carried out my purpose. I am convinced that there is some deception, but even this does not account for the extraordinary resemblance to Winifred."

"Which, I'll wager, would never have struck you if you had seen the White Lady in broad daylight."

"It was not very dark when I first observed her."

"No, it was worse; it was dusk, when a very ordinary face becomes spiritualized. I have noticed this effect myself often."

"Very well," answered Captain Vane; "have it so, if you will. I only wish you could convince me as easily as you convince yourself. Can you be ready to return to England to-morrow?"

"That was my intention before I met you. Shall we see if we can get a bed here for to-night, and move on early in the morning? There is probably an omnibus that goes to Paris in good time, so as to enable you to take up your baggage before our train starts."

"No doubt," replied Captain Vane; "who, if reason and common sense had not both combated the intention, would have decided to stay where he was, on the chance of obtaining one more glimpse of the White Lady."

"They sent for the woman of the house at once, and she proclaimed herself able to accommodate the gentlemen if they would not object to a double-bedded room on the ground floor, that being the only one she had unoccupied at the moment."

They expressed themselves willing to put up with this, and after some further conversation, retired. Major Chester, who had tramped a good many miles in the course of the day, had no sooner let his head touch the pillow, than he was fast asleep.

Captain Vane was equally tired, but more nervous naturally, and the strange room, the deep, intense silence, only broken by the piercing cry of some night bird, as it flew out of the ruins to search for prey, had an insupportable effect upon him, and filled him with an odd feeling of excitement and expectancy. The window of their room looked out upon the old chateau, which was shrouded in shadow against a moonlit background.

A honeysuckle tree grew against the wall, and every now and then a branch, swayed by the mild summer wind, tapped against the pane, and made Captain Vane start, in spite of himself.

A clock somewhere had just tinkled two musically enough, and he was beginning to murmur within himself that his haunting thoughts banished sleep, when, his eyes being still fixed on the window, he saw there, pressed close against the pane, the pale, pathetic face of Winifred de Lacy, just as it might have looked as it lay under the tiles, with the water kissing her chill, sweet lips and quiet lids.

He dashed out of bed in a moment, and flung open the window; but he only let in a soft breath of perfume from the honeysuckle tree, and not even a shadow besides.

Neither was there a sign of anything natural or supernatural, although he glanced eagerly in every direction before he drew in his head.

"Is it possible that I am growing mad?" he murmured in his anguish. "Twice in one day I have seen this vision; and yet it is only a vision, for my darling is dead."

"Dead!" the sighing wind echoed outside; and a lone bird, that had lost its mate that day, repeated, forlornly, as it seemed to him farther and farther away, "Dead! dead! dead!"

CHAPTER XIV.  
A HORRORFUL REIDE.

It is so natural to hope when you are young.

Delia, as she came in to her mother's room, refreshed by her walk, looked blooming, and almost happy.

Mrs. Covey would get well, and there would no longer be any reason why her miserable engagement should continue. This was her dream; but it was roughly dispelled by her mother's first words.

"Stephen has just left me, dear."

"Has he, mother?" she could just manage to articulate, and her heart sank within her.

"He brought me those grapes; and it is a long while since I have fancied anything so much. Do you know that every time I see him I like him better?"

Delia appeared to be entirely occupied with the strings of her hood, which had got into a tangle, and did not answer.

"He had an appointment, and could not stay until you returned," Mrs. Covey went on, perfectly unconscious of the pain her words were giving; "but he will be here to-morrow, of course."

Mrs. Covey seemed to expect an answer this time; and not being equal to anything original, poor Delia merely repeated in her own words.

"She knows her own power, and evidently enjoys it," thought the dying woman, who fancied that the impatient movement of Delia's shoulders was the saucy confidence of a young beauty who realizes with pleasure the effect of her charms.

But she did not brood Stephen's proposition that night, lest Delia should divine from whence she obtained her inspiration.

In the morning, however, she could no longer refrain. Catching the little hand that had been tending her so gently, Mrs. Covey laid it against her hot cheeks tenderly.

"My darling," she said, "I want you to do something for me."

"Yes, mother."

"I want you to marry Stephen Young at once."

Delia looked wildly about, like a caged animal seeking some means of escape.

"Oh, mother!" she gasped out at last; "I cannot leave you."

"No, dear; you should not leave me all the while I am alive; but when I am dead I want you to have a right to the shelter you will so sorely need."

A great sob shook Delia's whole frame, and Mrs. Covey, who was strangely blind, thought that she was moved because of the reference to her own end. Drawing her closer still, she laid her head down on Delia's shoulder, ever so fondly.

"My child, you must not cry. The least excitement now shakes me to pieces."

"If I might only die with you!" cried the girl, despairingly. "That is all I ask."

"Nay, love; you will live to be a happy wife and mother. I am thankful to know you will mourn me long, for we have been so much to each other; but consolation will come to you unawares—come to you through your husband's love, or the smiles of a little one who shall call you mother in your turn. Will you believe this?"

Delia bowed her head, mute, but despairing.

"But let me wait until you are gone," she said, at last; "this is not the right time for a wedding."

"But won't it be pleasant to have my congratulations, Delia? I should have you always—in my grave—but my tongue would be silent. You would hear nothing but the willows whispering together overhead, and they would tell you nothing, love."

Delia lifted her pale young face, out of which all joy, all hope, had departed suddenly, and said, with a martyr's resignation.

"Whatever you wish, mother, I will do. But if you can spare me this trial, I shall be very thankful."

"The effort will be at the moment, and you will be glad afterward, when, instead of having to bear your grief alone, you will have a pair of loving arms outstretched to receive you, and a sympathizing breast on which to weep. If you hated Stephen, I would not urge it; but as it is, it is my great wish and prayer."

Delia could have shrieked out with agonized vehemence. "I hate him! I hate him! I hate him!" but she restrained herself. Loving her mother so dearly, could she take from her the last, only comfort she could have in this world?

Better sacrifice herself a thousand times over. And, if, later, the burden she had taken on herself became intolerable, perhaps she should be allowed to die. She had no thought, at this moment, of the means of escape that occurred to her later.

It seemed to her then, that to leave him behind, she must pass through the

grim portals to the unknown land, for there was no hope here.

But this made her sacrifice more sublime.

"You shall have your wish, mother," she answered, presently, and her voice sounded harsh and discordant, from the great strain she put on herself. "I will marry Stephen when you like, but only on condition that he leaves me here with you until the very last."

"I will answer for that, Delia. I am quite sure that nothing would induce him to part us as long as the breath remained in my body."

"Oh, mother, don't talk like that!"

"I beg your pardon, dear, but I am getting so accustomed to my own death, and all its gloomy details, that I forget it is all terribly new and painful to you. I think the wedding may be well taking place the day after to-morrow."

"No soon!" Delia could not help saying; for she had hoped for a little longer respite than this.

"There is no time to be lost," was the grave reply. "I cannot hope to last very long longer."

"Again, mother!" was the reproachful cry.

"If you cannot bear the thought, how will you bear the fact, my child?"

Delia fell on her knees by the bedside, and burst into a passion of sobs.

"Oh, don't leave me—don't leave me, mother!" she cried, helplessly—helplessly. "You are not the only one who has had such a sorrow as this to bear, remember."

Mrs. Covey, gravely, but compassionately, "and—and you make me so much worse when you give way."

And, indeed, Mrs. Covey looked so completely comforted and overcome, that Delia put herself, her own feelings, aside at once, to administer to her.

When Stephen Young came that evening, he knew, even before a word had been spoken, that he had gained his evil victory.

He died at his approach like a startled fawn, and went and shut herself in her own room, from which she did not emerge until, just as he was leaving, her mother called her.

"Delia, my love, come and bid Stephen good-bye."

Her face was very pale, her eyes red with weeping, but she bravely enjoyed the thought of her struggle, as enhancing the pleasure of conquest.

"Won't you open the door for me?" he said, bending down so low that his breath fanned her cheek.

"I cannot leave my mother," she answered, collectedly and bravely.

"Nay, love," observed Mrs. Covey, from the bed; "I can spare you those few minutes."

"I would rather stay with you," she replied.

"But I dare say Stephen has something to say to you," said Mrs. Covey.

"Then he can say it here, mother."

"And if Stephen wants to bid you good-bye, what then?" asked the young man; and he smiled, but it was not a pleasant smile.

"The same answer will do again," Mrs. Covey returned.

Delia, however, said, with a great pretence of gratitude, and, bending over her, pressed a long, passionate kiss on her unwilling lips.

Delia reddened and shivered beneath it, as if she had been hurt, but bore it bravely, too; for her mother's eyes were upon her, and she could not make her sacrifice too complete.

When Stephen was gone, Mrs. Covey fell into a peaceful sleep; and Delia, seeing the placid smile that lingered on her lips, and knowing what had brought it there, believed that she had done well.

But she did not brood Stephen's proposition that night, lest Delia should divine from whence she obtained her inspiration.

Delia received the information silently. Nothing could alter her fate now. The last link was being forged that should bind her with chains of iron to a destiny far crueler than death.

Delia's wedding-day dawned upon her sleepless eyes drearily. It was raining fast—a soft summer rain—and the mist crept up from the valley, and shut out her view of the waving trees and golden corn-fields.

Delia looked sadly at the rain, and then smoothed her hair and dressed and went to prepare her mother's breakfast. She was standing over the fire, coaxing it into a blaze, when there came a tap at the door, and a shaggy-headed young man put a box into her hand, grinning and dejected, no doubt according to order.

Delia was much too miserable to be curious, and was just going to put the box down on a chair and continue her occupation at the fire, when Mrs. Covey, whom she had fancied asleep, called out, "what have you got there, dear?"

"I'll see to it," she said.

Delia reluctantly obeyed, for she began to guess its contents now, and to understand that if Mrs. Covey shared her confidence, there would be no hope of evading the fulfilment of Stephen's wishes.

But there was no help for it now, as she had married the box, and she must open it to see the paper on the top on which was written in large letters, "For my bride!" and then nothing would satisfy her mother but she must be shown the pretty gray silk dress, the little white bonnet trimmed with myrtle and orange flowers, and the elegant cap.

It is probable that Stephen had not selected these things himself, but Mrs. Covey gave him the credit for the good taste undoubtedly displayed.

"So that my darling will look like a bride, after all!" she murmured, delightedly. "How very thoughtful of Stephen. To be sure! He knew that you could not have time to choose anything for yourself, and yet he naturally wished you to be as charming as possible. And certainly he has gone the right way to work—all the things are as nice as possible."

"I would so much rather go to him as I am, mother," Delia ventured to plead.

"Nonsense, my love! How could you? It would be terribly ungrateful, for one thing; and besides, the dress you have on is all crumpled and tumbled, and shabby as well. Eat your breakfast, and then dress at once; that I may have time to admire you before Stephen comes, and wants all the admiration to himself."

Delia said no more then. She made a pretence of eating to deceive her mother, and then carried her fiery away, and began impatiently to adorn herself as a bride for the slaughter.

How she hated her own beauty! It was this that had ruined her life. If she had been plain, Stephen would never have sought her; for Delia's instinct told her that his mad passion was caused by her charms; and when these faded she should be poor indeed. But as she settled the bonnet on her golden head, she could not help stealing one look at herself in the glass. The fire had scorched her cheeks, and given them a bright rosy speck of color; her eyes were heavy and languid, but had a pale amethyst gleam from under

the white lids. Her low, low mouth was lovely still, although it had settled into such a grave fold; and the gray dress fitted admirably to her slender, graceful figure.

Mrs. Covey called out excitedly, directly she appeared. "Why, you look like a duchess, Delia! I ought not to be thinking so much of the world and its ills, I dare say, but I am sure I shall be pardoned this little vanity, for it will be my last."

Delia bent over her, and whispered hoarsely, "If you want me to get through my task, mother, don't talk of such cruel things. Now that your mind is quite at ease about me, you will be better, dear, won't you?"

Mrs. Covey smiled up into the shadowed eyes.

"But I am going to be quite well, soon," Delia promised to mislead her mother; but Mrs. Covey would never know, until she had that fuller sense of sight, which is only given to the angels in Heaven, how it was that when a carriage was heard to stop at the door, Delia clung to her desperately, despairingly, as if to loosen her hand would be to perish.

"Oh, mother, must I—must I?" she murmured.

"Don't be nervous, love," answered her mother, with strange blindness; "it won't be half so trying as you think; and I will try and look so well to welcome you when you come."

Stephen sprang to it at this moment, eager and radiant, a wicked passion of triumph in his eyes; and poor Delia, her last vague hope gone, stooped and kissed Mrs. Covey once more, with lips as cold as death, and then, pretending not to see Stephen's stretched hand, walked past him to the door, and entered the carriage without his help.

Stephen had brought a cousin of his with him, a vain, pretentious young person, who had once had hopes of him himself, and was, therefore, prepared to disparage his bride.

Delia's face and face roused all the womanliness within her, and she forgot even to envy the other her beauty, seeing that it had brought her so much sorrow and pain.

Delia stood as one in a miserable dream all through the ceremony. The old rector, who had known her from childhood, saw that something was wrong; but how could he interfere?

Delia repeated the words required of her, and let Stephen place the ring on her cold finger; and no one could stay the sacrifice, so long as she held firm.

Delia looked at Stephen with a single word in her heart spoken, a single word which was a question. "I suppose you thought that Miss de Lacy died on purpose to make way for you?"

"How dare you say such things?" cried Delia, with spirit. "You know I never had such a hope, and should as soon have dreamt of winning his love as I should have dreamt of being a question."

"What did he give you that evening you met him down in the meadow?" asked her husband, almost mad with jealousy.

"He gave me a locket," faltered Delia, "because I had nursed him when he was ill."

"Where is that locket?"

"I have it at home."

"No," she answered, decidedly; "it was a present to me before I had any thought of being your wife, and, therefore, I did you no wrong in accepting it. Captain Vane has never spoken a single word to me in his life he might not speak now before you; and though I will promise never to wear the locket, I cannot part with it. I only wonder, she added, resentfully, "that when you could descend to play the spy upon us, you should also descend to question me about it."

"I don't mind; you belong to me now, and I will not allow you to keep anything given you by a man you like better than me."

Delia looked at him with eyes full of scorn and reproach.

"Is this the way to make me love you?" she said; "and after all the promises you made my mother, too? I know how soon they would be broken, if she did not!"

"Have a care how you treat me!" he cried, passionately. "I speak to you with all the respect of a husband, and you shrink from me as if I were some loathsome reptile."

"Why did you marry me, then?" she asked, sorrowfully. "I told you I had no love to give you in return."

"Because of Captain Vane?" And his voice was fierce again.

"Because of my feeling. No one can love to order, as you once told me your self."

"But I am not so very ugly," he said, softening. "Look at me, Delia."

"You are not ugly at all," she answered, simply.

"Then how is it you can't manage to like me?"

"If you had been patient and waited, I might, perhaps, have come to like you at last. As it is—"

"As it is," he repeated, eagerly, after her.

Delia buried her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"At any rate, you are mine now," he said; "and the sooner you make up your mind to your duty, the better it will be for you. I've had enough of frowns during my courtship; but now you're under my command, I'll have nothing but smiles to make me contented."

"Oh, Stephen!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands imploringly, "you won't take me away from my mother whilst she lives?"

"That depends upon how you behave."

"But you promised!" she almost shrieked, in her agonized entreaty.

"Nobody believes in lovers' promises, I fancy. However, if you receive me from now and a kind word when I come, I won't move you just yet. But no more frowns or tears. You understand. We'll talk about the locket later."

She felt the terrible power she had given him, and accounted meekly. He might tear her from her mother's side if he so willed, and no one could gainay his right; therefore it behooved her to conciliate this terrible master.

So she called up a smile on her tortured lips, and suffered his caresses meekly; but with such inward repugnance as no words can describe.

When her husband lifted her out of the carriage at her mother's door, her resolution was taken. She would have forgiven the errors he had committed for love of her, but she could not forgive his hypocrisy to her mother, his cruel taunt about Captain Vane.

She must needs propitiate him just now, for it was her turn to play the hypocrite—poor Delia!

When he went away presently, not finding the atmosphere of the sick-chamber very congenial, now there was nothing to be gained by deceiving Mrs. Covey. Delia put up her cold lips to meet his kiss, and never once guessed that her scorn was safer, and her smile the mask of some steady purpose, almost matured, in the secret depths of her heart.

CHAPTER XV.  
ALL SAILS SET.

Wild Will left Brierton with the painful feeling that he was being hunted down like some wild beast. The old Squire had warned him of Captain Vane's suspicions, and quietly advised him to get out of the way as fast as he could.

But, with all his faults, Wild Will had a heart; and he could not leave poor Dolly unattended, knowing that discovery would soon be inevitable.

Unhappily for her, she had loved him too well to hesitate; and then she was a coward, and it seemed to her easier to go away than to tell her father the truth.

And this was how it came about that he missed his sweet singing-bird out of its nest this morning, and that would be present with him as long as he lived.

Wild Will's recklessness, his volatility, were something to wonder over; but he meant to be kind and considerate to Dolly, and she gave him the full credit of his good intentions.

He once he found himself on French land, he evidently breathed freer.

"Those bloodhounds won't scent us now," he cried, with a nervous little laugh.

"I wish you were stronger, Dolly, and we could go and bury ourselves alive in some out-of-the-way place, where we should never be likely to hear our own tongues."

"What would be the use of that, Will?"

"Why, it would be safer, my love; but it can't be done, of course, so it's no use talking about it."

"But, Will, I needn't stand in the way."

"Don't be foolish, Dolly. I oughtn't to have married, to drag any woman down to my level. I am such a confoundedly unlucky fellow, somehow."

Dolly crept close to her husband, and joined both her hands on his arm.

"You can't be so very unlucky all the while you have some one to love you as I love," she said, reproachfully.

"That's the worst part of the business," he replied. "I feel like a second-hand man. I reflect upon the way I repaid all your father's kindness and hospitality."

"It wasn't your fault," answered Dolly, simply. "You couldn't help my loving you, you know."

"He has been persuaded you to marry me. No, no; it's not a bit of use trying to find excuses for my conduct, Dolly. I am quite conscious of my own delinquencies, I can assure you."

"But why were we obliged to leave England?" she asked, presently.

"Because," answered Wild Will, laconically.

And, somehow, she fancied, from his sudden start and peculiar expression, that he withheld some part of the truth.

"But we shall be able to return directly you get your legacy, Will?"

"I don't know. And then he added, bitterly, "Don't talk to me of that legacy, Dolly. I hate the very name of it!"

"I don't see why you should. It was not your fault poor Winifred died."

"I told you not to talk about it!" he exclaimed, almost harshly; and then she noticed how very pale he was.

Dolly was a gentle little creature; and at this reproach—the first she could ever remember—she cried silently behind her veil, and, but for her tender loyalty, would have wished herself at home again with her dying old father.

And she was very lonely sometimes.

"Will, I like to know, but it was not such company as she could share with him."

She went out occasionally; but he always found some engagement before the walk was over, and left her to find her way home alone—not at all a pleasant arrangement. As her fair, girlish face and golden hair attracted a good deal of attention from passers-by.

Wild Will still loved the poor child; but he was careless by nature, and because she never complained, he was satisfied that all went well.

And so she grew paler and sadder; but he led his own life, and never heeded. At last, their money began to run short.

Dolly would have written home for some; but Wild Will had still a remnant of pride and self-respect left, that made him emphatically negative this proposition.

Your father shan't say I stole his daughter away from him, and then had to come upon him to keep her. You can't love me very much to propose such a thing."

After this, Dolly would have starved downright, rather than suggest such an appeal to her father.

One evening, Wild Will rushed in, white and scared, and came upon her so abruptly, that Dolly, who was nervous and ill, ran to meet him, with a cry.

"Oh, Will, what is the matter?"

"The matter is, that we must leave here directly," he cried. "The bloodhounds are on the scent, after all!"

"How tremendous dare!" said Dolly, with great simplicity. "I wish they would leave us alone."

"Don't waste time in talking, Dolly. We must get away from here in an hour, at the latest."

"But, Will, dear, we have no money."

"Then we must coin some," he answered, with a reckless laugh. "Have I anything valuable left?"

She shook her head.

"Have you?"

"No, dear, I did not bring anything away with me."

He stood and pondered, with an unusual shadow on his face.

"If we can get just away into the country, it will do for the present; and that will have to be managed somehow. I'll see if I can't borrow a little on my legacy to-morrow, and, meanwhile—"

He waited for some suggestion from her to finish his sentence; but Dolly had none to give. The hopelessness of the situation quite weighed her down.

But as her head rested on his arm, Wild Will caught the glimmer of gold, and a smile broke over his countenance.

"That ring of yours will do, Dolly. It isn't worth much; but it will just stop a gap. I'll give you one thousand times handsome, when I get rich."

"Oh, Will, it was my mother's!"

"And do you mean to say that you could let your husband be taken, just for the sake of indulging a piece of romantic nonsense like that?"

"You know I wouldn't."

"Then give it me at once—that's a good girl."

She slipped it off her finger, reluctantly but resolutely, and put it into Wild Will's palm, with a little sigh, both for the past and the present.

He was gone in a moment—but speedily returned with a couple of Napoleons, which he showed to Dolly, triumphantly.

"I secured all that out of the man; he only offered me one to begin with. Are you ready, dear?"

They had only one box between them, and that was soon packed. Wild Will was quite in spirits again, and talking as grandly of their prospects as if forty francs were an actual fortune.

Dolly was not so sanguine, but she took care not to discourage him. They had paid their lodgings in advance always—these being the only terms on which they had been allowed to stay; their landlady having an unalienable conviction that all the natives of the *perfidie Albion* were systematic thieves.

They had simply, then, to give up the key of their apartment to the porter, and walk forth free.

Wild Will signalled a passing *fagot*, and engaged the man for two hours.

"You will drive me into the country," he said, in whatever direction you like. Only be sure that you stop in some village where we can get a bed. The rest I leave to you."

"These English folks are all mad!" thought the man, as he mounted his box. "I suppose the fogs of their country get into their brain. I shouldn't wonder if they are going to commit suicide, those two; but, anyhow, it is no affair of mine, so long as I get my fare."

And shrugging his shoulders philosophically, he touched up his horse, and let it go straight ahead toward the barrier.

They were started by a man putting his head inside and investigating them coolly, but having merely satisfied his curiosity, as it seemed to them, they were allowed to proceed.

At the second village they came to, the coachman stopped in front of a small cottage, and declared that his horse was unable to go any farther.

However, the landlady, who came to the door in *habillage*, as if she had just begun her toilet for the night, declared that her horse was already full, and she could not take them in; but there was a little lodging further on, where they might be glad to receive them, and she should counsel them to apply there.

A more dirty, miserable place than this last it was impossible to conceive; but poor Dolly was beyond fault-finding by this time, and crept on to the dingy bed, just as she was, trying to pray for comfort and strength.

Home was so far off already, it seemed like a dream she had once dreamt, and was always remembering. But it was no longer real.

Wild Will was the only reality now, as he sat at the window smoking his cigar, and wondering, with the obtuseness that belongs to these thoughtless people, what made Dolly so glum.

He had escaped the present peril, he had a few francs in his pocket, and that was enough for Wild Will.

Dolly felt as if she had a weight of lead on her temples the next morning, when she wanted to rise; and, after a few vain attempts, she fell back on the pillow again, saying, with a weary sigh, "It's no use, Will. I must stay where I am for awhile."

"Quite right, my love," he answered, gently, for as he looked at her white face, and remembered all that she had given up for his sake, he was really touched. "I'll go down and forage, and it will come hard if I don't bring you up a cup of piping hot coffee presently. Keep up heart, Dolly! When we are rich, we shall laugh heartily at the recollection of all our shifts and expedients now. And we shall be rich, for I have been born to it, and even if you have to wait, your destiny is always fulfilled in the end."

This was a wonderful speech for Wild Will, and quite exhausted him. He went off to refresh himself with a "little glass," as it is called; and then, to do him justice, he remembered Dolly, and brought her coffee, and also a tempting roll.

Dolly was faint from inaction, having tasted nothing since noon the previous day, and took a brighter view of things in general as soon as she had eaten and drunk.

She even rose after awhile, and went for a stroll into the country, whilst her husband played cards in the little cabaret with a sub-lieutenant of infantry, who was home on furlough, having been badly wounded in Africa.

Anxious with his companion and his occupation, Wild Will troubled himself no more about the future than if he had been a child.

But at the effect the second day the aspect of affairs began to change, and even he was forced into a sober contemplation of ways and means.

The price of the ring was gone all but a few francs, and actual starvation stared them in the face.

(To be continued in our next, *Continued in Next*.)

### How Greenback Paper is Made.

All the paper for the money issued by the United States Government is manufactured on a sixty-two inch Fourdrinier machine, at the Glen Mills, near West Chester, Pa. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp in the engine, and the finished stuff is conducted to the wire without passing through any screens, which might retain the silk threads. By an arrangement above the wire cloth, a shower of short pieces of fine blue silk thread is dropped in streaks upon the paper while it is being formed. The upper side, on which the blue silk is dropped, is the one used for the face of the notes, and, from the manner in which the threads are applied, must show them more distinctly than the reverse side, although they are imbedded deeply enough to remain fixed. The mill is guarded by officials night and day to prevent the abstraction of any paper.

One may live as a conqueror, or a king, or a magistrate, but he must die a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator.

There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life—*Lucifer*.

Children, expect the truth, and, if they find themselves deceived, it will only shake their confidence in others, but they, being very apt scholars, will soon learn to be and deceive too.



